24 February 1978 25p USA & Canada $1 By Air

NEW STATESMAN

FILM BOOKS

Ambassador College
APR 21 1978
LIBRARY

Alexander Cockburn
Intelligence Conspiracies

Neal Ascherson: An Omen for Scotland
Profile of Eric Varley

James Fenton and John Spurling on Surrealism

Michael Mason on Arthur Koestler and Erich Fromm
Mark Kidel: What Price the Punks?

Keeping Our Nerve on Zimbabwe

Dr David Owen's first anniversary in the office of Foreign Secretary has not been an easy or happy one. On all sides, the clamour for a quick and trite solution in Rhodesia goes up. It goes up in gusts of ignorance and prejudice from the Tory benches, but it also comes in a more modest and confused form from those who have learned to respect Bishop Muzorewa and the Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole.

Sithole has negotiated with Smith before. In 1965 he was flown from a detention camp to meet Harold Wilson, and kept without food or water in a boiling police van until required for interview. Twelve years later, the rebel regime dares not treat Sithole, or any other African, quite like that. It has just conceded almost four of the famous Six Principles pertaining to majority rule. That it has done this, and in effect abandoned the positions which it came into existence to defend, is due chiefly to the armed African resistance which is now mainly but not exclusively organised by the Patriotic Front. This Front, which is supported by the rest of independent Africa and which has borne the heat and burden of the day, still has considerable influence over events. So if David Owen had done what the Tories asked him to do (if ask is not too polite a word for the racialist baying noises they made in the House) and rubber-stamped the internal settlement, he would at once cut the Government off from several parties to the dispute. He is absolutely right not to have done so, and Conservative propaganda on the subject can be dismissed for the hypocrisy which it is.

Still, it does not follow from this that the Patriotic Front is right to denounce Bishop Muzorewa or the Reverend Sithole as puppets. They have made skilful use of the political opportunities offered by Smith's retreat. Even the reserved block of white seats has been excluded from the pool of MPs which will select a cabinet. And, perhaps most important, the regime has conceded the right of guerrilla fighters to join the army – which violated a solemn pledge given by Smith to his 'electorate' only last autumn. There is a long way still to go, which is why Dr Owen is right to keep his political powder dry. The new settlement must first be approved by the majority of Zimbabweans, many of whom still support Nkomo and Mugabe. The bishops and clerics of Salisbury obviously impress Jeremy Thorpe and Conor Cruise O'Brien. But outside the townships their strength has yet to be tested, and Chief Chirau's methods of persuading voters in the so-called 'tribal trust lands' may not be all that decorative when it comes down to it. Furthermore, the excuse of 'security' has already led Smith's forces to waive almost every known human and democratic right. One cannot imagine them easily allowing a referendum or an election to slip out of their control without a fight.

The Anglo-American proposals, and the thinking which lies behind them, have done a great deal to recoup the prestige of the democratic West in Africa. On a range of issues, from Angola to Namibia and taking in the great question of apartheid itself, Britain and America are not as easily identifiable with white minority rule as they used to be. If this store of credit can be used to induce Joshua Nkomo to seize the initiative, it would be the best news for a long time. But he is a politician of exceptional wiliness and experience, and if he decides that the new deal will be short-lived (which might be a shrewd calculation) then the armed struggle will go on. Clearly, it would be absurd to frame any policy which did not take that into account.

So the salient fact remains that a combination of economic sanctions and guerrilla warfare have been responsible for all the limited progress made so far. If they were to cease, Rhodesia would become a model African multiracial democracy. But if they were to cease too soon, Smith and his supporters might start to wriggle. There is too long a record of broken pledges on that side to justify any complacency now. There have always been those who wanted Britain to make a quick, cheap deal in Rhodesia and then indulge in a general hand-washing. We must hold our nerve, and not submit the policy to dilution just when it shows some signs of success.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Facing the Gang of Four

Imagine a government led by (*retch-retch, spew-spew*) Mrs Thatcher. Where would the real power be? In the cabinet? I think not. Certainly there would have to be some powerful fellahs in the cabinet – there would have to be a chancellor of the exchequer, would there not? One whom Mrs Thatcher could trust, the city could trust, the nation could trust, and one who would command the respect of international finance. On second thoughts, perhaps it would be better to abolish the post. But there would have to be strong departmental ministers, and Mrs Thatcher has explained privately her view of how they would work. They would be given a much greater degree of independence, they would be told to get on with their job while the prime minister got on with hers. The example Mrs Thatcher quotes, in this connection, is Harold Macmillan. Not for her the Heath-Wilson style of premiership, with interference all round. She would trust her chaps to do their own thing. Or so she says.

So the real power would lie in the individual departments? Again I think not. The departments, more likely, would be considered as a harmless way of keeping those departmental ministers occupied while Mrs Thatcher got on with the politics. This, *in nuce*, is the way the lady operates at present. If one tries to understand the workings of the shadow cabinet today, the only way to make sense of it is to consider the activities of the front-bench spokesmen as hobbies or pastimes, ways of keeping the children out of mischief. Mrs Thatcher has inherited Jim Prior. Jim is very keen on industrial relations. Very good – let him be encouraged to feel that he is doing something useful. Let him, as it were, be placed on a stool and allowed to play with the pastry-cutters, making jam tarts out of the scraps. The tarts will be baked. The grown-ups will pretend to find them delicious. And as soon as Jim's back is turned they will be smuggled to the bin.

Take Willie Whitelaw. Willie has some very interesting theories about establishing the confidence of the immigrant communities – Indian businessmen and so on, people who might naturally be expected to look to the Tories *if only they felt the Tories could be trusted*. This is not perhaps the hobby Mrs Thatcher would have chosen for her Willie, but never mind. Meanwhile in the world where the real power lies, among the grown-ups, it is noticed that questions of immigration not only arouse the interest of the press, they also have considerable vote-getting potential. Very well, Mrs T decides to speak out. Not surprisingly there is a tantrum from Willie (such a serious child at times). Why was he not told in advance? The answer being put around is that Willie was supposed to be told. The date of the broadcast had been brought forward. An aide had been instructed to inform everyone. *But he forgot to tell Willie*!

The front bench spokesmen, then, are for the most part living in a child's world, imagining they are being useful around the house. The grown-ups, according to the story which has recently caught the imagination of all parties, are the Gang of Four. That Mrs T should be the leader is not surprising. That the Colditz hero Airey Neave ('*That man*!' exclaimed a Tory MP recently, with unconcealed disgust, 'That man! who has *crawled* out of every prison in Europe . . .') should be involved might have been expected. But that the sinister George Gardiner and the rebarbative Norman Tebbitt should be named as the remaining two members does require explanation.

I asked a man who works for Mrs T who were the *real* Gang of Four, expecting him to reply that the lady of course takes advice from her senior colleagues, etcetera. But the reply I got was rather different. 'My *dear* James,' it began, 'I *beg* you, as a *serious* journalist, to *ask* yourself, if a *leader*, of a *party*, a *great party*, intent on *power*, would, under *any circumstances*, take *any* advice.' There may be something in this. Policy, after all, is not what Mrs T is really about. Tactics are the thing. As one Tory MP complained, 'We have lots of potentially very popular policies – for instance, ending the earnings rule for pensioners – which never seem to see the light of day. As a result, we give Labour the lead on a whole range of social issues.' And as a senior member of the Government put it, the present Tory approach is based entirely on broad populist causes. Heath in 1970 developed a range of policies which were designed to get the minorities on his side – he was keen to use such advantages as could be gained from the Child Poverty Action Group report that things had got worse under Labour, he could speak with some conviction on race and even his line on the unions had its conciliatory elements. The Thatcher approach has been the opposite. Policies is there, if policies is what yer like. The Gang of Four prefer godalmighty rows.

We're shaping up, for instance, for a godalmighty row over Rhodesia. (Incidentally, there was a 'not' dropped from my column last week, in a sentence which should have read: 'The future course of the Rhodesian dispute is not within the Government's control.') The Government is concerned to maintain as long as possible a bipartisan approach based on the Six Principles. They are concerned to keep it bipartisan for largely electoral reasons, but they are finding it very difficult to keep the Commons happy on the subject. Interestingly enough, a key figure here is Jeremy Thorpe, whose long connection with Africa and warm admiration for Bishop Muzorewa have made him a force to be reckoned with in debate. The Government has also to protect itself from the rear, and not upset its own backbenchers, many of whom think in the same way as Thorpe. It has furthermore to take care that nothing is said which will undermine its relations with Mugabe and Nkomo. All in all, talking about Rhodesia in the Commons is like treading on eggs.

This could be seen last Thursday when Thorpe put down his private notice to Owen on the recent 'internal settlement'. Owen had both to seem to the House to welcome the settlement and yet not upset the Patriotic Front. He spoke very quietly under the Tory hubbub, arriving at this formulation:

> The right hon. Gentleman asked me to say whether this was a significant move towards majority rule. I believe that it is, and I believe it will be welcomed.

A moment later Reggie Maudling, unusually impassioned, was on his feet:

> Has the Foreign Secretary any reason to doubt that the men concerned with this agreement . . . between them represent the great majority of all races in Rhodesia? As this is the most hopeful thing that has happened in Rhodesia for years, why in the name of Heaven does not the right hon. Gentleman welcome it?

You will see, above, that Owen had carefully avoided associating himself with any welcome. Watch now how he moves:

> If the right hon. Gentleman heard the end of my reply to the right hon. Member for Devon, North . . .

A shrewd ploy. The opponent is made to seem either deaf or asleep.

> . . . he will know . . .

An interesting use of tense. 'Would' might have been more expected. The effect is to increase confidence where no basis for confidence exists.

> . . . that I did welcome it as 'significant'.

This move is known as a Sin of Elision. An appropriate reply would have been, 'Oh no you didn't.' Already, however, the mover has gone as far as he dares, while the opponent has to check with his neighbours in order to make sure that he really hasn't been mistaken. Meanwhile Martin Flannery is waiting to intervene. As he does so, Nicholas Winterton cries out, 'The permanent guerrilla.' 'Be quiet and mend your speech,' says Flannery, never at a loss for words. An awkward moment has passed.

NEW STATESMAN

Vol 95 No 2449

Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ Tel: 01-405 8471
© 1978
The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd

Annual Subscription Rates

By surface mail	UK £12.50 Overseas £14 USA $30
By air mail	Europe £17.50 Middle East £19 Africa, India £20 USA, Canada $40 Australia, NZ, Far East £21

For details of student rates write to The Subscriptions Supervisor at the above address.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Neal Ascherson

An Omen for Scotland

How intense is the Scottish sense of fair play? This is the question still bemusing Mr Sloggie, a shinty referee at Drumnadrochit, who was sent off the field by the players the other day for blowing a foul 'after the first throw-up'. The fixture began badly with nobody on the field at throw-up time but the groundsman, and ended with the players refusing even to pay Mr Sloggie's expenses. Worse was to come: the Rough Play Committee did not invite Mr Sloggie to its subsequent hearing.

This story, another exclusive from the inimitable *West Highland Free Press,* is heavy with omen for the Scottish political scene. The electors, a collective Mr Sloggie, are still muzzy after the fouls perpetrated on the Devolution Bill in the last few weeks. They have been penalised, in that they must now turn out to the tune of 40 per cent of the register to vote 'Yes' to devolution in the referendum, while the parliamentary foul-players continue to throw up unscathed. And the Lords, now seized of the Bill, are not much of a Rough Play Committee.

There is no way that most Scots will accept that Mr George Cunningham's 40 per cent amendment is anything but an adroit stroke of wrecking spite, designed to block devolution rather than to grant it democratic sanction. Most offensive of all, to judge by first reactions, is the implication of *faire voter les cimetières,* the enfranchisement of those who have died between the annual compilations of the register – for the amendment means that those on the roll who do not vote will in effect be voting 'No'.

And not only the dead. The sick, the itinerant, the holidaymakers, the large category of those whose names appear on several different registers, will all be automatically voting 'No' as well. A friend in Edinburgh has just conducted a survey of his own tenement: out of 23 registered voters, no fewer than seven will be unable for various reasons to vote in the referendum, not counting contingencies like a sudden overseas posting or a car crash on the way to the polling booth.

Voters in Scotland have by tradition shown themselves ungrateful for favours but unpleasantly sensitive to insults. One consequence of these silly provocations may be – or so the pro-devolutionists and the SNP are praying – that those who do want devolution or more will be goaded into turning out in sufficient numbers at the referendum to swamp the 40 per cent dam. The polls, never too reliable in Scotland, suggest a two-to-one majority for devolution which is increasing. But the Garscadden by-election, due in April, will be read all too eagerly as an indication of how the popular mood is really moving.

This is the first by-election in Scotland since the end of 1973. Garscadden is a random slice of western Glasgow, stretching from the broken-down riverside at Yoker through the modestly desirable council semis of Knightswood up to Drumchapel, a huge new estate on the lap of the hills which has something like a 30-per-cent unemployment rate and an undeserved reputation for savagery.

The verdict, especially at Westminster, is going to be crude. The SNP carry the crushing mortgage of too many successes since February 1974; if they don't win Garscadden from Labour, the cry will go up (in Scotland too) that 'the bubble has been pricked'. They have the best local organisation, mostly working-class defectors from Labour, and a good veteran candidate in Keith Bovey, a Glasgow solicitor. But

'For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were smitten off
He fought upon his stumps.'
(The Ballad of Chevy Chase)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this is a tough one. They need a 10-per-cent swing on the last election figures, but there has been a moderate Tory revival since October 1974 in Scotland: Garscadden isn't on the list of their 20 easiest gains. And the poll will be only days after Mr Healey's tax-cutting budget.

Donald Stewart, as leader of the SNP parliamentarians, has been lamenting that if the Nationalists don't take Garscadden, the Government will heave a sigh of relief and drop the burden of the Scotland Bill altogether. This isn't likely. The Government have grown no fonder of the great whining, wounded monster they are carrying on their shoulders, but a spirit of mad obstinacy possesses them. They will stagger on with it. It's Parliament which is the trouble. The defeat of Labour's try at striking out the Cunningham amendment showed, if anyone still doubted it, that the majority in the Commons loathes this Bill. They will have another chance to kill it outright when, many months ahead, there is a second guillotine vote on discussion of the Lords' amendments. More probably, the Labour rebels and their allies will persist with their deep little stabs. The Bill, already bleeding copiously, may simply be found one evening to be dead.

There is no doubt about the argument against devolution which, more than any other, is prevailing now among MPs. It's the 'West Lothian Question', named after the indefatigable Tam Dalyell; the prospect that Scottish MPs would be able to vote on English matters, but that English MPs would not be entitled to vote on Scottish matters. This is the sort of consideration which blocks out the sun for denizens of St Stephen's, but seems petty in Scotland. As David Steel told Edinburgh students last week, English lobby-fodder has been trooping in to vote at the end of debates between Scottish MPs on Scottish matters for many years. Would it be so awful if – as the SNP propose – Scottish members refrained, so that the views of English representatives on English local government or schools prevailed? The gap of incomprehension, the 'dissensus' between Westminster and Scotland, is widening. So is the gap between English and Scottish MPs, whatever their party.

Politics in Scotland, tepid for so long, are now hotting up. It is partly Garscadden, the test of muscles so long untried. But the campaigns for referendum and general election have fired off their first ranging shots too. As the armies begin to move, it's worth looking at a modest poll done by the Department of Politics at Aberdeen University, in the South Aberdeen constituency held by Iain Sproat, the most convinced of anti-devolution Tories.

This is a place traditionally suspicious of rule from Edinburgh or Glasgow, and where the SNP are weak. But 59 per cent of the sample wanted constitutional change, equally divided between devolution and independence. Most startling, 63 per cent of Labour supporters wanted change – and preferred independence to devolution by 37 to 26 per cent.

This heavy little straw in the wind begins to answer the one fair question set by the Cunningham amendment: you may want constitutional change, but how *badly* do you want it? It credits MPs with a sense of reality they may not deserve, when they gave the Bill a third reading on Wednesday precisely a year to the day after they killed its predecessor. And it points to a possible tragedy. Labour in Scotland has at last begun to believe in devolution as more than an ugly necessity, and its leaders are successfully healing the wounds of the three-year struggle which split the party. If the Bill does collapse, all the delicate roots of unity which they have grown down into the Labour movement in Scotland will be swept away in an avalanche of reaction. And the SNP would inherit.

Mary Holland

Ireland's Best Hope

One voice is noticeably absent from the Pavlovian chorus of shrill British abuse which now automatically blames Jack Lynch for just about anything which happens in Northern Ireland. Maybe those congenial family gatherings to which Mr Lynch was invited at Peter Jay's summer house in West Cork have borne fruit. Or, more hopefully, Jim Callaghan has come to realise that the Irish Premier represents the British Government's best, and probably last, hope of resolving the Northern Ireland situation. Mr Callaghan has always accepted that finally Britain might have to admit defeat in the long search for a political solution in Ulster. He makes it quite clear in his book *A House Divided* that even in 1969 the Labour Party did not regard the British commitment in the North as open-ended. Even with an election looming and many other things on his mind, he must be beginning to wonder whether the time to cry 'Enough' is not drawing very close.

Ulster politics are now more depressingly stratified than at any time since the present troubles started. The Government is paying for its shameful dalliance with the Ulster Unionists (and the flirtation's side-effects on Tory party policy) as the Catholic parties in the North retreat ever further into disaffected nationalism. The Provos, responding with insane rage to Mr Mason's boasts that he had finished them, have shown that their capacity to kill and maim is as ghastly as ever. As important, they have access to modern weapons and can use them to devastating effect.

In this appalling situation it is to be hoped that Mr Callaghan at least has found time to study Jack Lynch's speech to his party's annual conference. What was important about Mr Lynch's performance was not that he repeated Fianna Fail's call for a British withdrawal and announced his intention of setting up a study group to examine the financial, constitutional and legal aspects of North-South relations; it was the care and skill with which he set about remoulding the attitudes and mood of his own people.

His instinct for anticipating and articulating what Irish people are feeling has always been dazzling. One simple example: in his radio interview last month he spoke in his usual hesitant and undramatic way of the need for British withdrawal and his ideas about eventual unity. At the time it was greeted with shock not only in England but by Opposition politicians here. Yet in less than six weeks this has become the accepted political stance of all major parties in the Republic. Much more important is the change in popular mood which is almost one of accepting the inevitable. There is very little Republican rhetoric around, simply a general recognition of the fact that Britain can't solve the Northern problem and that the South must begin to face up to what that means. A year ago anyone who talked in such terms would have been denounced as a stooge of the Provisional IRA. Now the debate is increasingly about what Dublin can do in terms of White Papers and so on, and the tone is of a sober buckling down to the realities of the situation.

In his speech last Saturday Mr Lynch carried this process one step further. The motions on the conference agenda with their references to honouring the men of 1916 and promoting the 'national aspirations' showed just how strong are the Republican instincts of his own Fianna Fail party. Just before Lynch spoke 6,000 delegates had been applauding yet another denunciation of 800 years of British misrule. The temptation to ensure his own triumph by making some ritual obeisance to this kind of rhetoric must have been considerable. In fact his speech began with as savage an attack on the Provisional IRA as I have heard. More important, this was cheered to the echo by his audience. When he spoke of Britain it was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with sympathy for what Northern Ireland had cost in lives and money. He realised that in a pre-election situation no British Government was going to make any significant move on Northern Ireland. He did not say, though he might well have done, that no one expects much after an election since both parties in England are bankrupt of any ideas for dealing with Northern Ireland. Instead he simply said that his Government too has its responsibilities to try and find a lasting and stable peace, and to explain how he thought this might be attempted. The speech was conciliatory, reasonable, responsible, yet by the end of it Mr Lynch had stolen the Republican clothes from the backs of his own hardliners, while they stood and cheered him to the echo.

It is fashionable for British politicians to sneer at Jack Lynch's shy and fumbling manner, while at the same time tracing every lurch in the Northern crisis back to his diabolical political cunning. In the months ahead, as the situation in Northern Ireland worsens, Lynch-baiting will become a favourite occupation at Westminster and in Fleet Street. Conor Cruise O'Brien will tell us that Mr Lynch is a hypocrite poisoning Anglo-Irish relations with his sly opportunism. Roy Mason will blame him for his own disappointment that Ulster has after all not been pacified. Airey Neave is capable of saying anything. But if Mr Lynch can put the subject of eventual British withdrawal from Northern Ireland back on the political agenda, make it a subject of legitimate debate between politicians, lawyers, journalists, economists, can encourage people in Ireland to face up to the realities of how and why it might be effected, that will be a major political advance for Britain as much as Ireland. Mr Callaghan at least must know this. He also knows that there are very few alternatives left for the British Government.

Dublin

Boris Kidel

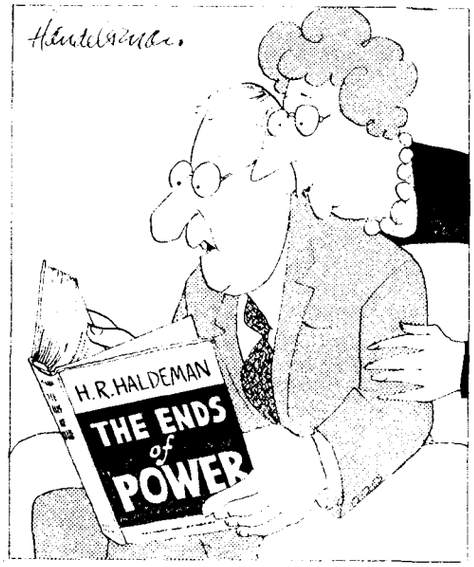
High Noon on the French Left

The French general election campaign is entering its final phase in an atmosphere of suspense that is without precedent in the country's recent history. The uncertainty about communist intentions creates the strange situation where millions of French men and women who support the Left will be completely in the dark about the consequences of their vote on 12 March. Do the Communist leaders prefer the re-election of the out-going centre-right government majority to a victory of the Left that would mean a Socialist-led government under Francois Mitterrand? This is the crucial question to which no reply will be available until after the first round of the election. The Communists refuse to put their cards on the table and state whether, as in all elections since 1962, their candidates will stand down in constituencies where Socialists are ahead in the first round.

All recent public opinion polls have produced identical results: the majority of the country wants change and a left-wing government. On the basis of present forecasts, the Left will gain a clear lead over the government parties in actual votes on 12 March and, if represented by a single candidate in the second round on 19 March, will win the election with a majority of about 30 seats in the new National Assembly. However if the Communists refuse to stand down and the Left is represented by two candidates in most constituencies, the Government is certain to emerge victorious with roughly 40-100 more seats than the two left-wing parties.

At a cell meeting of prominent intellectuals the other night, a member of the Central Committee provoked acute dismay when he stated that he was incapable of telling them what attitude the party would adopt in the second round of the election. In Arras, in northern France, communist militants have refused to paste anti-Socialist election posters on the city's walls. But it is from the ranks of the Communist-dominated CGT trade union that the most persistent signs of discontent have come. In recent elections, the CGT lost ground in such important industrial strongholds as Renault, the railways and the Paris transport services and there are persistent reports of about 50,000 workers having left the union since Marchais broke off negotiations with the Socialists last September.

Again and again one hears of communist workers protesting in factories that 'the changes proposed by the Socialists are better than no changes at all'. They fail to understand why they should forgo immediate and very real benefits merely because their party disagrees with the Socialists over questions of doctrine and about the number of companies that are to be nationalised. They are troubled by the fact that their party should be more concerned by its efforts to regain strength than by a victory of the united Left.



'Author's note: *"On the advice of my attorneys, my previous ignorance of White House matters has now been augmented by amnesia."*'

Mitterrand has certainly achieved a considerable impact on public opinion with his sweeping reform programme that a Socialist government would introduce within the first few weeks of assuming power. His position is unequivocal. Socialist candidates will stand down automatically in all constituencies where Communists top the poll in the first round. In exchange he expects reciprocity from the Communists in the name of 'Republican discipline'; that has been the rule in recent elections. He firmly rejects the Communist demand that the possible withdrawal of candidates should be dependent on the outcome of full-scale negotiations between the two parties on a government programme. All he is willing to concede between the two rounds of the election is a discussion on a declaration of general principles.

It is a sign of Mitterrand's control over the Socialist Party that his strategy has been accepted virtually unchallenged. But, like any ordinary voter, Mitterrand cannot predict how the Communists will act. There are three main possibilities that he envisages at the moment. The impact of a left-wing victory in the first round, he believes, might be powerful enough to oblige the Communists to adopt a conciliatory attitude towards their former partners. In this case, communications between the two parties, which were severed in September, would be reopened and Mitterrand, Marchais and Robert Fabre, the leader of the small Radical Party, would hold a summit meeting on 13 or 14 March at which they would sign a joint declaration of general principles and agree to apply the rule of 'Republican discipline' in the second and decisive round of the election. If the victory of the Left were to be confirmed on 19 March they would then negotiate the terms of a government programme and set up a cabinet of the Left with communist participation.

Mitterrand does not exclude the eventuality that this scenario might be played out with an essential difference – that the Communists, having agreed to stand down, would then decline to serve in a Socialist-led government. This would mean that history would be re-enacted, a repetition of the short-lived Popular Front experience in 1936 when Communists supported but refused to participate in Premier Léon Blum's government. The possibility of a Socialist minority government, which to many observers seems a plausible outcome of next month's election, fills Mitterrand with grim foreboding. Even if the Communists voted for a first round of Socialist-sponsored reforms that Mitterrand would be determined to push through Parliament within a matter of weeks, the Government would be doomed to rapid collapse under crossfire from the right and from the Communists who would be only too eager to demolish the Socialists and regain their position as the dominant force of the Left.

And finally, Mitterrand cannot rule out the third possibility that the Communists

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will refuse to stand down and thereby secure the re-election of the present majority. Has not Marchais himself declared publicly that the rule of 'Republican discipline' is 'a bit out-dated'? René Andrieu, the editor of the party newspaper *L'Humanité*, has been even more outspoken. 'The notion of Republican discipline belongs to the history museum,' he wrote the other day, 'where it has its place between the spinning wheel, the oil lamp and missed opportunities.'

The Communists can easily sabotage a victory of the Left by more sophisticated means than a total refusal to withdraw candidates. By maintaining candidates in a few selected constituencies, or by merely ordering their militants to abstain there, they could tip the balance and achieve their objective without exposing themselves to the full force of the accusation that they were responsible for the defeat of the Left. In the end, Mitterrand believes, the Communists would be the main losers. The electorate of the Left would never forgive them for betraying their hopes. The Socialist Party would benefit from this disillusionment and the Communists would find themselves back in the political ghetto from which they emerged by deciding to form a united front with the Socialists in 1972. Perhaps that is why in this confrontation of the Left Mitterrand's eyeballs have so far betrayed no sign of flinching.

Paris

Robin Cook

Mr Mulley's Balancing Act

This year the publishers of the Defence White Paper have introduced an enterprising innovation to whet public interest, by delaying release for a week and dropping dark hints about an unholy row between Number 10 and the Ministry over just how honest they dare be about the Soviet threat. We shall, no doubt, soon hear from the Tory benches a leaked version of any paragraphs that have been passed over, but in the meantime we each must supply our own annotations to the raw statistics which were finally released on Monday.

Let us start, lest we be accused of selective bias, with the very first table we encounter, which is ominously headed 'Increases in the Soviet Northern Fleet'. Comparison with last year's figures reveals that the total number of vessels in the Soviet Northern Fleet has actually been dropping rather than increasing, though a small matter such as that must not interfere with an alarming heading. Admittedly, the changes are slight but if we turn back only one more year to the 1976 White Paper we discover that the ratio in favour of the Soviets has shifted significantly. The Soviet Northern Fleet was then credited with a superiority of surface ships in the Eastern Atlantic of 2 to 1, which has since dwindled to 5 to 4, partly because last time we forgot the French navy which is not formally committed to Nato.

These are embarrassing conclusions from which to justify a 3-per-cent increase in defence expenditure, and we can begin to understand why Fred Mulley was opposed to publishing the figures. The solution of those who compiled the tables is breathtakingly simple. They wisely refrain from reprinting the figures from either 1976 or 1977 and instead present a comparison with the Soviet Northern Fleet of 1968. This has the happy result of showing up a consistent increase in every class of vessel and enables the White Paper to present Soviet submarine strengths, which have *dropped* by 4 per cent in the past year, as *rising* by 10 per cent.

True, there remains some difficulty in squaring these intelligence estimates with any independent assessments. For instance, the White Paper asserts that between 1968 and 1977 the number of frigates in the Soviet Northern Fleet increased by 44 per cent, whilst *Jane's Fighting Ships* reveals that in the same period the total number of frigates in all Soviet navies rose by only 8 per cent. We might also note the analysis of ship building rates by the International Institute for Strategic Studies, which concludes that in the same decade covered by the White Paper figures, Nato members launched 153 warships, in response to the naval threat from the Warsaw Pact countries, who actually laid down only 92.

Now, of course, these sets of data are not necessarily incompatible. It is always possible that the Russians have been peeling away vessels from their other fleets in order to divert them into the Eastern Atlantic, but in that event there should be a compensating drop elsewhere. Unfortunately we cannot tell where these reductions have occurred as the White Paper by tradition provides the figures for only the Eastern Atlantic, an area which includes the major Soviet base at Murmansk but excludes the American eastern seaboard and therefore could hardly fail to show Soviet supremacy.

I once did have the temerity to request the parallel figures for the other naval commands of Nato. The eventual reply from the Minister regretfully advised me:

> I am afraid that it would be impractical . . . Any assessment of the deployment of Soviet forces in other areas, such as the Western Atlantic or the Channel, could only be conjectural as it would depend on speculative assumptions about Soviet tactics and objectives. Such diagrams would therefore be misleading *in these other cases*. [My emphasis].

This scholarly reticence about the areas where the Soviet navy is weak is in marked contrast to the enthusiasm with which the Ministry publicises the region in which we are outnumbered.

Similar caveats are required when we turn to the adjacent tables on the balance of land forces in the Central Region. On Monday the figures were roundly condemned by the Tories as 'an exercise in distortion', on the grounds that the modest French forces in West Germany have been credited to the Nato side. Apparently Sir Ian Gilmour considers that the French, if not positively part of the Warsaw Pact team, are at best likely to sit at the barrack windows waving handkerchiefs as the Russians trundle past.

In any event since the Western side of the Central Region is defined as Germany and the Low Countries, the figures still exclude all home-based French forces, although for historic reasons most of them are garrisoned against the German border and are actually nearer the front line than many of the Soviet troops who are included. Even more specious is the inclusion of all aircraft based in Britain, although most of these are deployed for specific missions in Central Europe. Since the 1976 White Paper a further 80 F-111s have been dispatched by the United States to Central Europe but these have never shown up in the tables, as they happened to land in the Cotswolds rather than Bavaria.

On the other hand the balance of forces within the Central Region credits to the Soviet side the entire armed forces of Poland and Czechoslovakia. This must strike the Soviets as touching faith in the cohesion of the Warsaw Pact. Nor would every Nato member share the confidence of the Ministry of Defence about the commitment of the satellite nations to Soviet strategy. American Intelligence at Stuttgart actually carry out a weekly assessment of the probable loyalty of the Pact allies and generally conclude that although they would resist an attack by Nato, they would give doubtful support to Soviet aggression.

Indeed, one of the major ironies of the White Paper is that the bench-mark from which Soviet increases are measured is 1968, a year which is signficant precisely because the Russians were then obliged to invade one of their Pact allies, and much of the increase in Soviet manpower within the Central Region is accounted for by the garrison forces which have since been required to keep the Czechs in their place.

These qualifications are not offered in order to deny that the Red Army is a formidable military machine. On the contrary, the Group of Soviet Forces in Germany is undeniably one of the most powerful expeditionary forces in history, and the peoples of the Soviet Union have had to make remarkable – even irresponsible – sacrifices in order to equip and mechanise it. However, we are unlikely to arrive at a balanced response to its presence if we start from the tendentious analysis of the Defence White Paper.

Meantime over at the Nato Headquarters they are digging a hole from which they can command the European battlefield, even should nearby Brussels be pulverised by a nuclear strike. It is such a big, deep hole that they will not finish digging it until 1986. It will be a monument to men who are laying now the foundations for an extension of the present confrontation well into the next decade. Simple and selective presentations of the military balance are necessary to persuade their public to foot the bill.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW PENSION.

Something worth paying for.

It's a fact that a lot of people suffer too big a drop in income when they retire.

That's why we need the new pension scheme that starts in April this year.

It will mean that in future millions of employees will be able to retire on half pay.

Isn't that something worth paying for?

The 20 best years.

The new scheme will give you two pensions.

The basic retirement pension continues, but on top you will get a second pension based on your 20 best earning years under the new scheme.

The second pension will come either from the state or from your employer and will start being paid next year.

What you will pay.

This table summarises the new contributions you'll pay from 6 April (the present rates, where different, are in brackets).

The new rates are listed fully in leaflet NI.208 obtainable from main Post Offices and Social Security offices.

Class 1 contributions	Employees	Employers
Standard rate	6.5% (5.75%)	10% (8.75%)
Contracted-out rates: ☐ on first £17.50 a week ☐ on earnings between £17.50 and £120 a week	6.5% (5.75%) 4% (5.75%)	10% (8.75%) 5.5% (8.75%)
Reduced-rate for some married women and widows	2%	As above (standard or contracted out)
Men over 65 and women over 60	NIL (some: 5.75%)	10% (8.75%)

Lower and upper earnings limits £17.50 and £120 a week (£15 and £105). Employers' contributions do not take account of the N.I. Surcharge.

Class 2 contributions: self-employed £1.90 a week (£2.55/£2.66)
Small earnings exception from liability £950 a year (£875)

Class 3 voluntary contributions £1.80 a week (£2.45)

Class 4 contributions: self-employed
5% (8%) on profits or gains between £2,000 and £6,250 a year (£1,750 and £5,500)

Both pensions will be fully protected against inflation, and will still be available to you no matter how many times you change jobs.

Better deal for women.

Women will still get their pension at 60 and (unless they have already opted to pay reduced rate contributions) they will get the same benefits as men, and pay the same contributions.

A woman can leave her job to bring up a family without losing her right to a basic pension.

If you already draw a pension.

The scheme doesn't affect people already retired. However, your existing state pension will continue to be fully protected against inflation.

Working after pension age.

People who carry on working after pension age will no longer be liable for contributions after 6 April, although their employers will.

If you're self-employed.

You will not contribute to the new additional pension and will not receive it. But your rights to the basic pension remain and you will pay lower contributions than you did before.

To find out more.

For full details of the new pension scheme fill in this coupon, or ask your local Social Security office for a copy of leaflet NP.34. The leaflet also covers other changes, some of which affect people with more than one job.

Please send me leaflet NP.34
(write the number of copies you need in the box) ☐

Mr/Mrs/Miss _____

Full address _____

_____

_____

_____ NP/B/NS/1

Cut coupon out and post to:
DHSS Leaflets Unit, P.O. Box 21,
Stanmore, Middlesex HA7 1AY

NEW PENSIONS:
A MORE SECURE FUTURE

Issued by the Department of Health & Social Security.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Profile: Eric Varley

The Lifeboatman

Political reputations are hard to shake off, largely because so many journalists and politicians have tied their shirts to them. So Eric Varley's reputation as a mild-mannered loser, promoted well above his station, will be some time in disappearing.

It began with the Chrysler débâcle in late 1975, when the Department of Industry looked like the set of the Godfather, with Mr John Riccardo stalking the corridors accompanied by thick-set heavies in dark suits and thin ties. Varley wanted to close the firm down in Britain, in accordance with what passed for the industrial strategy at the time, and the cabinet had more or less agreed. Then two Scottish ministers threatened resignation; Wilson asked Harold Lever to concoct a rescue plan, and Healey clinched the doubters when he said that he could find the necessary £162m.

It was a humiliating defeat, not least because Varley had unwisely briefed journalists at every stage of the game, even hinting strongly at his own resignation. The night of the disaster he sat drinking in his rooms with his close friend and deputy Gerald Kaufman, railing at his colleagues' treachery and, visitors thought, barely able to keep a grip on himself. Even his decision to salvage some dignity by making the statement to the House himself, instead of leaving it to Wilson, exposed him to the Tories and made him look a fool to Labour backbenchers.

The depth of feeling was illustrated when Kaufman met Lever shortly afterwards at a party at George Weidenfeld's. Lever greeted Kaufman, who replied: 'I'm not talking to you.' Lever asked why, and was told 'You know perfectly well why, it's the way you went behind Eric's back.' The surprised Lever protested that he was just carrying out cabinet orders. 'That,' said Kaufman bitterly, 'is what they said at Nuremberg.'

It was an astonishing remark from one Jew to another, and it indicates the length of the scars. Varley hasn't forgotten them; leaks now come *after* a decision has been won in cabinet. And won they usually are. Colleagues say that he is now clearly a winning minister, with a batting average higher than, say, Shirley Williams, David Ennals, even David Owen. Recently for example the cabinet committee on pay decided that the steelworkers were due only 8.5 per cent; after talks with the BSC Varley decided to insist on 10 per cent and won in full cabinet over the heads of the committee he sat on. In a Government not noted for its crusading socialism, Varley can claim to have an impressive list of legislation on the books, including the first public ownership Act for ten years. If British industry is still foundering dreadfully, well, that's not necessarily the fault of the lifeboatman.

The point about Varley is that he probably understands the trade unions better than anyone else in cabinet. He thinks of himself still as a left-winger yet, like the trade union movement, his instincts are essentially conservative. He has no time for Tony Benn's romantic view of the working class as 20th-century noble savages. 'Tony hasn't realised that working class people have carpets now,' he once said. When Benn ran Industry, any shop steward had virtually free access to the Department. Varley, who plays it by the union book, soon put a stop to that – thereby earning the real resentment of all 'irregulars' like the members of the Lucas Aerospace Combine.

He was born in 1932, the son of a Derbyshire miner. His father decided that Eric would not go down the pits and he worked as an engineer in a surface workshop. From 1955 to 1964 he was the NUM branch secretary, and at the time the height of his ambition was to become a full-time NUM official. He was taken under-wing by Bert Wynn, the general secretary of the Derby miners, who 12 years after his death remains something of a legend in the area. It was Wynn who decided that he wanted Chesterfield for the miners, and that Varley was the man to hold the seat. He went to Westminster in 1964, with Wynn continuing to act as guide, mentor and personal pundit.

Varley's enemies – or rather the small band of people who don't trust him and rather resent him – say that the slide began with Wynn's death. Varley voted against Britain joining the EEC in May 1967, and was warned by the Chief Whip John Silkin that he would never get into any Labour government. It's the kind of empty threat whips have to make, and Varley actually entered the Government as East Midlands whip the following month. Silkin had originally not wanted to appoint him. 'Is he up to the job?' he anxiously asked East Midlands MPs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the whips' office he met Kaufman, very much his closest political friend still, and with whom he shares a flat in London during the week. Kaufman was then Labour's parliamentary press liaison officer. The two men are very close indeed, and it's said no one can understand Varley without understanding Kaufman. Kaufman is repeatedly called the Svengali of the set-up, though it's hard to imagine anyone less like Trilby than Varley. In fact the description does more to indicate the common resentment of Kaufman among Labour MPs. The two men have enormous influence on each other, and colleagues are always quick to blame Kaufman for Varley's mistakes, but there is no real evidence that he manipulates Varley. Kaufman is quick, highly articulate, metropolitan. Varley is slower, more careful, transparently honest, provincial in the proper sense. One is vaguely reminded of another sort of relationship: perhaps the clever boy at school with glasses who is chums with the Captain of Cricket.

A number of people, chief among them Kaufman, recommended Varley to Wilson as his next PPS, a job which he got in 1968. Those who ought to know say that he never really became part of Wilson's inner circle, not in with the group which would have the long, rambling late-night brandy sessions at night in Number 10. Varley was the trade union half of Wilson's pair of PPS's (Harold Davies was the other) and he clearly impressed Wilson because he made him a Minister of State under Tony Benn in 1969.

He has stayed rigidly loyal to Wilson ever since, refusing now to join in the general mixed merriment and regret which has greeted each sad disclosure since the resignation. In Varley's world loyalty is a potent, essential force. It's not the public school kind of loyalty as a matter of honour, more the tightly-bound working-class loyalty which was always necessary to the survival of the unions. One reason why the Labour Left sometimes mistrusts him is that he appeared to back down on Europe, still in their eyes the supreme test. Why, they ask, did the man who risked his career in 1967 sit meekly on the side during the referendum campaign? The explanation is again loyalty.

Varley was surprised to have been put in the cabinet by Wilson in March 1974. The most he expected was a job as Minister of State again, perhaps if he was lucky under Michael Foot. All his life, he says slightly wistfully, things have happened to him; jobs have arrived without his expecting them or even really asking for them. The only one he has really fought for, the treasurership of the Labour party, he has twice failed to get.

At Energy he built up his reputation as a good departmental minister, determining oil policy, setting up the BNOC and the thing which has the strongest emotional pull: passing the legislation which gave compensation to 34,000 miners and ex-miners suffering from pneumaconiosis. His own father got some of the money, a story which somehow combines all the myth and magic which still clings to the Labour party – particularly outside London.

He took over Benn's job at Industry (to Benn's reported resentment) in mid-1965, part of Wilson's feeble master-plan to cut Benn down to size. He won't admit it, but friends say he was shocked by the muddle he found. Certainly civil servants say that meetings now take a quarter of the time they did; while Benn would take time out for a 30-minute discussion on the Luddites, Varley will start the meeting without even a good-morning. He gets up at 6 a.m. and never arrives at a meeting without a mastered brief. He delegates a lot of work and this enables him to look at other Departments – an essential for anyone who has plans inside the cabinet. Opponents say he is in the clutches of the civil servants; closer colleagues deny this and say that he merely lacks Benn's enthusiasm for stripping everything down and starting again. Varley is faultlessly polite, and one senior civil servant is prepared to remark 'he is the only minister who has never asked me to do a hatchet-job on an opponent'.

He is probably the most private man in the cabinet. His wife Marjorie (a miner's daughter) never comes down from the modest house near Chesterfield where they live. Varley goes home every weekend, and doesn't much like London. He has missed only one Labour Party meeting in his constituency since he became an MP. At home he likes to drink at the Miners' Welfare and he is intensely fond of classical music. 'No point in trying to talk to him in the car,' one colleague said. 'All you get is an earful of Boulez.'

Where he goes next is a puzzle, and obviously not one to which many other Labour politicians have given much thought. He is a poor speaker in the House though, it is said rather better outside. Wilson, of course, was a dreadful speaker at the beginning and end of his career. Varley is a good and persuasive talker in private and surprisingly given to waspish, whispered remarks in cabinet. His failure to get on to the National Executive of the Labour Party as Treasurer may well hold him back, though he plans to stand next year, hoping that a big union might switch its block vote away from the present Treasurer Norman Atkinson and to him. That could go badly wrong if Callaghan decides he wants rid of Atkinson, and needs a stronger candidate than Varley to do it.

At Westminster, his position is secure. He survived Wilson's departure with no difficulty, and would have to be in the top half of any future Labour cabinet. He is popular with nearly all his fellow Labour MPs, and suitably mistrusted by the Tories. He is probably admired more by other ministers than by MPs who see the often ragged performances in the chamber. Friends say he would like to be leader, which he denies, and certainly one can't imagine him fighting very hard for it. Most of all, he reckons, he would like to be Leader of the House, because then he could sweep round all government departments instead of being bogged down in one department. It's a modest enough ambition. Attlee used to claim that all he had ever wanted was to be mayor of Stepney. And, of course, all Varley wanted was a paid job in the NUM.

"We try to avoid a one-nation viewpoint of the world—to get across that all do live under the same roof."

Takashi Oka
Chief European Correspondent
The Christian Science Monitor

Oka thinks in world terms, pointing out what unites the world's people. He perceptively and sympathetically observes all races and conditions of men.

It's an approach that makes the Monitor distinctive—makes it a newspaper relied on by subscribers in 130 countries.

FOR A FREE SAMPLE COPY phone 01-235-3296 or return the coupon.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR®

The Christian Science Monitor
London Bureau, 4 Grosvenor Place, London, SW1X 7JH

Send me a free copy of the weekly International edition of The Christian Science Monitor.

Name

Address

Also available from all Christian Science Reading Rooms and certain principal newsagents.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ian Black

Village of the Damned

It was with intense annoyance that many Israelis sat down on the evening of 6 February to watch the suppressed hysterics of Anton Chekhov's *Three Sisters*. Not that Olga, Masha and Irena were not up to scratch. It was just that the Russian drama was screened instead of a controversial TV film, whose last minute banning by the Minister of Education and Culture seemed to herald a dangerous new phase in the deterioration of what Israelis proudly describe as 'the only democracy in the Middle East'.

The film, *Khirbet Khiza*, is based on a 1949 story by the writer S. Yizhar, and deals with the eviction of Arab villagers and the destruction of their homes by Israeli soldiers during the 1948 war. Written in the laconic, pastoral style that was popular with many Hebrew authors of his generation, Yizhar's harrowing narrative centres on the guilt-ridden reflections of a conscience-stricken soldier who is disturbed by the planned and systematic expulsion of the villagers of Khirbet Khiza and their despatch to the other side of the lines.

Notwithstanding the introduction of several cosmetic changes in the film of the book, notably the removal of the offensive term 'arabush' – the Jewish state's equivalent of 'yid', 'wog' and 'nigger' – this rare airing of Israel's 'original sin', the creation of the Palestinian refugee problem, was considered sufficiently subversive in the first place to require protection by a *cordon sanitaire*. It took the form of a ponderously dull TV chat show compered by a slick professor of philosophy who guides his guests firmly through usually inconclusive debates on sensitive subjects.

The guardians of public morality, however, did not consider this a sufficient safeguard against the harm that the film might cause to Israel's propaganda struggle and to the course of negotiations with the Egyptians. Two Likud MPs, one from the National Religious Party and the other (a veteran of the terrorist Stern Gang) from Begin's Herut movement, appealed to Education Minister Hammer to stop the screening, in spite of the go-ahead given by the Broadcasting Authority's board.

They ignored the fact that not only has Yizhar's story been translated into Arabic (and is thus freely available to Israel's enemies) but also that it has been on the high school curriculum for years and so is read annually by thousands of kids. Had Hammer not been pressured into making what was his anti-democratic (and patently stupid) decision the nation would have nodded off over the wearisome three-hour debate that was due to follow the screening. Now *Khirbet Khiza* is being serialized in a mass-circulation evening paper, read in impromptu street gatherings, and has become a best-seller overnight. When the film is finally shown it will doubtless attract record audiences.

The ban has infuriated the public here, particularly those large numbers of people who do not share the opinion of the organ of the National Religious Party that 'it is the duty of government to see to it that the state broadcasting media become instruments to raise Israel's prestige at home and abroad'. The fact that the book may be read and discussed, that excerpts from the film can be shown on the TV news and titillate frustrated viewers, but that the general public is not permitted to see the film, smacks all too unpleasantly of an intolerant, condescending, oppressive right-wing regime which arrogates to itself the right to decide what a theoretically independent Broadcasting Authority should do.

While the air filled with cries of 'Zdhanov', 'Commissar' and 'political censorship', Hammer's supporters, delighted at a chance to get their own back at what they believe is a leftist mafia controlling TV (some satirical programmes have indeed mercilessly pilloried the clericalist-lunatic Right) whooped into the fray, congratulating the Minister on his bold and courageous decision. One well-known writer, Dr Israel Eldad, some-time ideologue of the Stern Gang and today the Grand Old Man of the extreme Right, stated his position bluntly. Even if Khirbet Khiza wasn't an isolated incident in the 1948 war, he wrote, 'even if it and similar incidents led to the expulsion of hundreds of thousands of Arabs, who were ready to inherit our homes and fields . . . it was, in the last analysis, an act of Jewish justice, historical justice, because without it the state of Israel would almost certainly not have arisen.'

Few people, though, can allow themselves the luxury of such absolute conviction in the righteousness of their cause, and indeed the whole point of the once-forgotten story around which this furore revolves is that doubt and even insubordination are natural human reactions to cruel and inhuman situations, of which the Arab-Zionist confrontation has known so many. The author, who did not participate in the debate caused by the story's publication in 1949, and who emerged from 30 years' silence to explain the background to the story, insists that he wrote it 'not as a Jew facing an Arab, but as a human being who was hurt'. While he has verified that *Khirbet Khiza* is based on events he witnessed while serving as an intelligence officer on the southern front in 1948, he has resisted pressure to reveal where the village really was, arguing that this would detract from the abstract character of his tale.

Those journalists who have combed the sandy soil and orange groves of the Ashkelon area on the Israeli side of the Gaza strip and claim to have found Khirbet Khiza in the abandoned village of Na'aliya, have, in so doing, missed the point. The unfortunate village of Yizhar's story cannot *not* be found because it is abstract, but because it, and scores of others like it, are all too real. Khirbet Khiza is Arab Palestine, and Jewish Israel, as all the participants in the debate know only too well, arose to a large extent on the ruins of such villages. It is not a question of morality, or of whether Arab leaders told the Palestinians to flee the Jews or stay put – a subject of endless and inconclusive debate – but simply a question of fact (amply documented in numerous Israeli accounts of the war, including the official history of the Brigade which operated in the area where Yizhar served in 1948) that orders like the one described in the story were issued and carried out.

It might be argued that the extreme sensitivity of many Israelis to the banning of *Khirbet Khiza* results in part from a psychological need for overcompensation born of guilt and unease with the events that accompanied the birth of the state. There is, on the other hand – owing to the fierce pride which Israeli Jews of all political shades take in the standards of their universally conscripted army – deep resentment and anger at the censorship of a film which portrays the virtue and sensitivity of at least one Israeli soldier who did not (in that chilling phrase) 'only obey orders', even if he is unusual amongst his fellows in that respect.

More obviously though, there is plain outrage at the brazen hypocrisy of the ban on a day when the evening news included reports on the supply of Israeli arms to Ethiopia and the visit of the Finance Minister to South Africa, where he concluded agreements to strengthen economic ties that will help liberate the white minority from nasty non-pragmatic boycotters, to say nothing of the continuing saga of the Potemkin

Roger Woddis

A Sense of Realism

'One day perhaps, in this respect as in others, there may be a return to reality.' – Enoch Powell.

The blacks are our misfortune,
The cause of all our woe;
I say again, we'd be insane
To let their children grow.

They rouse our deepest passions,
They stoke our darkest fears:
A coloured face infects the race
Wherever it appears.

There was no unemployment,
There was no urban blight,
There was no war in times before,
When all the world was white.

Benevolent expulsion
Works wonders in the mass;
The numbers game is not the same
As cattle-trucks or gas.

If phobias and phantoms
Are ever to decrease,
Then those who flee reality
Had better hold their peace.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

archaeological dig at Shiloh. It is interesting, in this connection, to note that when the camera crew working on *Khirbet Khiza* arrived at the unspoiled West Bank village where filming took place, they were initially mistaken for clandestine Gush Emunim settlers, but when the producer explained what they were really doing the villagers gladly cooperated in the reconstruction of the story.

For a legally independent but state-subsidised Broadcasting Authority that lulls its viewers with hour after hour of imported *Kojak/Sweeney/Colombo/Starsky* and a large dose of domestic 'traditional' culture (most of which is a dreadful combination of *Stars on Sunday* and *The Epilogue*) this large skeleton in the national cupboard proved too much. The danger of political censorship of the media by Government ministers moved one angry Leftist to suggest that the book of Isaiah should be banned at once. After all, its doctrine that 'nation shall not lift up sword against nation' etc., could well undermine the morale of the staunch defenders of Yamit and Shiloh, as well as give the Egyptians the mistaken impression that Israel is prepared for peace at any price.

Jerusalem

Anne Bennett

Helping Out

'Help me with this essay,' said Rosy. 'Is God dead?'

'Yes.'

'How do you know?'

'Christ had an Oedipus complex,' I told her – whereupon she stuck out her tongue at me and I went off in good humour to visit an old crone client of mine.

'Passed away last month, her last visitor you were,' said her husband. 'Called to wish her a happy new year, you did,' he added somewhat accusingly.

'Well I'll still visit *you* Mr McGregor' I said cheerfully. He lived at the edge of my area, useful for mileage.

'Ah. Righto' he said. 'I'll have some sprouts for you.'

I returned to the office in a comparatively good mood – but it didn't last long.

'Volunteers wanted,' a circular said, 'to help out for three days at Boys' Community Home.'

'Well?' said Pauline putting an accusing eye on me. Always biddable, I took what was rather more than a hint and went.

'If you'll supervise supper' said Margaret.

'Any trouble,' said a rather burly man, 'I'll be in the corridor.'

'I'll be all right,' I said politely.

'Perhaps just a word,' I added a little later on. '*Order*!' bawled the burly man and several boys resumed their seats.

'I'll be around tonight if you need me,' confided the burly man.

'Tonight?'

'Bedtime supervision,' he went on, 'twelve of them on your floor.'

'Oh I see,' I told him.

'Alan,' I said later to a fresh-faced innocent looking boy whose destiny appeared to me to be that of a prison baron. 'Alan, if you could help me tonight in making sure the boys stayed in their beds I'd be willing to let you stay up a little later.' Alan should go far: he didn't commit himself but came back bearing the *TV Times*.

'If I can watch *Bionic Woman* and then this Western play?'

'It's not a play, it's a film,' I said, a faint recollection of my wish to bring a little culture into their lives asserting itself. You wouldn't like to watch *Play for Today*?'

Bedtime came and went fairly quietly – backed by Alan's force. Disquiet stirred within me, though. You're not trying to understand them, Bennett, I thought as I snuggled down; now, tomorrow try a little harder. We all rose at seven, God knows why, homes having the same attitude to early rising as hospitals, and I tried my best, I really did.

'Why do you keep yawning Auntie?' asked Nigel. I felt as exhausted as you do after a day making polite conversation.

'Would you like to take the boys for a walk,' said Margaret, 'or stay in my sitting room and do some mending?'

Oh heavenly words, and I was almost needle in hand when the summons came: '*Do* come with us Auntie.' Trevor was of the type that become the underdogs to the Alans of this world, when they are young, and then, when they are middle-aged, grow into the silent majority.

He likes me, I thought, he actually likes me. A warm feeling of well-being rose in me and I took several of them to see a film and, coming back, Trevor held my hand.

'You do seem to be getting through to him,' said Margaret.

'I think I am,' I said modestly.

'I'll show you my pet,' said Trevor the next day.

It was a mouse. I don't scream or jump on a chair when I see a mouse but I have feelings of revulsion, the same as when I suddenly see a spider that has come up a plughole and there it squats so still and menacing that it makes me think of slime and dirt and maggots in graves. I can never kill a spider, though, because of this feeling that if I take its life, phht . . . like that, God might take mine phht . . . just like that too.

I explained some of this to Trevor as he let the mouse run up and down and all around him. 'Yes I see, Auntie,' he said, restoring the creature to its cage. He said it so sympathetically that I began to wonder if I might not take him out one weekend . . . maybe Trevor and a friend, a football match or something. But one look at my watch and it was back to business.

'Come on' I said 'it's supper'. They starseemed to be a certain amount of sniggering and nudging and then there it was, the mouse, frantically running over the cloth while Trevor tried to guide it towards my plate of biscuits and cheese.

Some say that what you say in anger you don't mean: not true, you mean it all right. Until then every word I'd said and listened to myself saying – all false, a façade. I suppose I had seemed such a model of sweet reasonableness that my anger when it came even surprised the boys. I grabbed the simpering Trevor by the arm. 'You're hurting me,' he whimpered. I slapped him across the face so hard that my hand stung. 'Blast you, damn you, you little devil,' I shrieked at him as I shook him. 'You won't have the mouse back and you won't go out tomorrow.' Oh the relief of saying what I really felt. That's why extremist mobs frighten me. 'Kill the pigs and scabs' they say; and the Baader-Meinhof gang do just that – anti-capitalism is just an excuse.

Trevor's sobs were as loud as my fury and aimed for dramatic effect. Distraught, he spread his arms over the table. 'You're glad,' said that inner voice that probes into everything I do. 'You don't want to take him out, you don't care about any of the boys here at all.'

'Stop it, Trevor' I said. 'Just don't do it again, that's all. Give him his mouse back, Alan.'

'Can I go out tomorrow?' he pleaded. He seemed more concerned about that than the mouse. I don't think he cared for the creature really. 'Yes,' I said. And he laughed.

CHINA
&
JAPAN

12 NIGHTS FROM £610

Thomson Holidays are privileged to offer you a unique choice of two itineraries for an unforgettable holiday in China combined with three nights in Tokyo.

Peking/Tokyo: a 12 night holiday including 7 nights in Peking and 3 nights in Tokyo.
Prices from £610 pp.

Peking/Shanghai/Tokyo: 12 nights including 4 nights in Peking, 3 in Shanghai and 3 in Tokyo.
Prices from £720 pp.

A full programme of visits during your stay in China and a city tour of Tokyo are included in the cost of the holiday. Additional optional sightseeing tours will be available in Japan.

Departures are from Heathrow every Saturday until 13th May — but remember you need to book at least a fortnight before departure so we can arrange your visas.

For full details see your travel agent or ring us on 01-388 0681.

ATOL 152BC

Thomson

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alexander Cockburn

A Tale of Two Conspiracies

Over the last 15 years two central episodes – both still mysterious in many aspects – have come to haunt the American imagination: the assassination of President Kennedy and the fall from office of Richard Nixon. The backwash from the latter event is still cresting in the form of self-serving memoirs by leading participants: Haldeman's now, and Richard Nixon's in May. But almost coincidental with the latest batch of memories from convicted perjurer Haldeman, still doing time in California, is the publication of an extraordinary account of Lee Harvey Oswald and the bureaucratic politics of espionage. Thus the publishing trees which sprang from Dealey Plaza and from Watergate remain forever green.

The Haldeman book is interesting chiefly for the risible circumstances in which it finally met the light of day. Certainly, in its general diversion of blame away from the author towards Nixon and his henchman, Chuck Colson, and in its speculation about a Russian invitation to the Americans to join, reason together and then bomb China, it does not win much respect.

The *New York Times*, owning the property, had hoped to make a killing by orchestrating a publicity barrage – with serialisation in the *Times* itself, excerpts in *Newsweek* – culminating in publication of the memoir by its subsidiary, Quadrangle Books. A woman reporter from the *Washington Post* sabotaged the barrage but not the final killing by travelling to the Pennsylvania town where the book was being bound, obtaining the bulk of the sheets and then previewing the contents in the *Post*.

Everyone had a jolly good laugh at the expense of the *Times*, which had to abandon its schedule and lumber into print with one copious ejaculation of all the material last Friday. The principals, from the *New York Times* to Haldeman, will still make a great deal of money, and professors of journalistic ethics will ponder the propriety of the *Post*'s scoop (or theft if you wish) and the *Times*'s profitable sponsorship of the convicted perjurer (who has, after all, previously ventilated differing versions of his deeds in the Senate Watergate Committee, the court room, and on TV).

Watergate, in the space of two years, became synonymous with 'cover-up', and thus it joined company with what is, for millions of Americans, the greatest cover-up of all – the circumstances surrounding Kennedy's assassination. Twelve years ago Edward Jay Epstein wrote *Inquest*, a damaging critique of the Warren Commission's Report. For the last two years he has been financed by the *Reader's Digest* to the tune of $500,000, to amass all available evidence about an enduring mystery of the assassination – namely Lee Harvey Oswald's character and motivation. The results of his researches are already causing commotion inside the FBI and the CIA.

The title of Epstein's new book is *Legend* – an espionage term meaning 'cover story', and cover stories are essentially what his thesis concerns. Within weeks of the assassination of President Kennedy in 1963 a Russian named Yuri Nosenko, claiming to be a high KGB officer, defected in Geneva and was brought to CIA headquarters in Washington. The main burden of his information was that he had been in a position to review Oswald's KGB file – which he said showed clearly that the KGB had never taken an interest in him, before, during or after Oswald's defection to the Soviet Union in 1959.

Nowhere did Nosenko's information cause more relief than in the bosom of J. Edgar Hoover, head of the FBI. As Hoover's own memoranda disclose, he regarded the laxity of FBI supervision of Oswald after his return from the Soviet Union as sufficiently damaging to destroy the Bureau's reputation forever. If it emerged that Oswald had indeed worked in any capacity for the KGB this laxity of the FBI would have been more damnable than ever. The KGB had a similar and obvious interest in suppressing any connection with Oswald; thus, Epstein somewhat convincingly argues, the two agencies were objective accomplices in the exoneration of Oswald from espionage activity.

The counter-intelligence section of the CIA, debriefing Nosenko, took a very different view. In 1961 another senior officer of the KGB, Major Anatoli Golitsyn, had defected to the CIA in Helsinki. Golitsyn claimed, *inter alia*, that the KGB had spies implanted in the upper echelons of the CIA and the FBI. He said that another Soviet agent was close to De Gaulle (the origins of Leon Uris's *Topaz*) and he also made a claim which led to extraordinary suspicion in the bosom of James Angleton, head of CIA counter-intelligence, towards the leadership of the Labour Party.

Golitsyn said that, just prior to defection, he had been told by a KGB officer in charge of the North European section that the Soviets were planning to kill the leader of an opposition party. Hugh Gaitskell was the only such Opposition leader to die at this time, and CIA counter-intelligence noted both that he had fallen to a rare virus and that a KGB officer suspected of connection to the Agency's sabotage and assassination section had been in Britain around that time. As Epstein says: 'Counter-intelligence officers in the CIA suspected that the Soviets had done away with Gaitskell in order to promote Harold Wilson, but the facts never could be established.' Efforts to establish them may have provoked the surveillance of which Wilson subsequently complained and which Chapman Pincher, from his sources in British counter-intelligence, confirmed.

In 1962 Nosenko had made a preliminary overture to the CIA. It seemed to CIA counter-intelligence that he was supplying information designed to deflect them from the search for the spy in the CIA mentioned by Golitsyn. Therefore, when he finally defected in January of 1964, with his 'exoneration' of Oswald, Angleton and his men were doubly suspicious. Nosenko was caught in several highly damaging contradictions, and by 1967 the CIA's Soviet Russia division concluded in a 900-page report that it was virtually certain that Nosenko was still a Soviet agent.

This conclusion intensified the bureaucratic war of the agency with the FBI. The FBI had a particularly prized Soviet double-agent, code-named 'Fedora', working in the UN in New York. He was indeed the Bureau's main Soviet intelligence source. 'Fedora' obligingly confirmed to the FBI details in Nosenko's story. When the CIA discovered the details to be false, suspicion naturally fell on 'Fedora' as another Soviet plant. The inter-bureaucratic stakes in believing or discrediting Nosenko increased.

In this context it is clearly of prime importance to establish whether or not Oswald actually did work for the KGB. Epstein spent much time tracking down Oswald's career in the US Marines and in contacting marines who served in his unit. Central in this military career was Oswald's work as a radar scanner at the US airbase at Atsugi in Japan. It was from here that many of the U-2 spy overflights of the Soviet Union originated. It is Epstein's inference that Oswald, statedly of left-wing beliefs in his teens, was recruited by the KGB at this time and supplied important data about the flight and radar characteristics of the U-2, enabling the Russians to shoot one down. From the day of his defection to the Soviet Union in 1959 there were no U-2 flights – with the exception of two, the final one being that of Francis Gary Powers on 1 May 1960, which led to the collapse of the summit talks.

Epstein certainly does not think that the KGB dispatched Oswald back to the US to kill Kennedy (and, indeed, he makes no conclusions about Oswald's final motivation). But he does think that the KGB established an elaborate 'legend' for Oswald before his return, which Nosenko was intended to buttress in the tense weeks after the assassination. Epstein, therefore, takes sides in an intelligence civil war which continues to this day.

Most of his information about Nosenko comes from the counter-intelligence section of the CIA, which was effectively purged by then agency director William Colby when Angleton was fired in 1974 for having conducted illegal surveillance of mail within the US. Nosenko now works for the CIA. From their rancorous retirement the Angleton forces maintain that the 'destruction' of counter-intelligence within the CIA has left it open to misinformation from Nosenko, the possible survival of the spy originally mentioned by Golitsyn, and the enduring credibility of 'Fedora' for the FBI. It is now conceivable that Epstein's book will prompt congressional activity and an attack from the Right on the allegedly doveish 'new' CIA. Such, 15 years later, is one of the outgrowths of 'cover-up' and the endless, self-renewing echoes of what happened in November of 1963.

New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London Diary

☐ I am sorry 17 February passed unnoticed except by me. This was the day 20 years ago when a meeting at the Central Hall, Westminster, first carried the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament to the headlines. I was the last speaker and being warned, as it turned out unnecessarily against Empire Loyalists, struck a somewhat emotional note. I then went home to bed. The audience however did not. They swarmed into Downing Street where the police, taken by surprise, used police dogs against them – I believe for the last time at a demonstration. From that moment we were made. For three years we filled every great hall in the country, so much so that I can boast of having spoken in more of them than ever Gladstone or Bright did, partly because some of the halls were not built in their day. Then abruptly the fire went out. Why? Partly because we had reached a peak and, unable to get any higher, inevitably went down. More because of a flaw in CND from the beginning. It was, though we did not know it, a last exercise in British chauvinism. We thought that if Great Britain renounced nuclear weapons everyone else would be impressed by this moral example and follow suit. In fact no one cared in the slightest whether Great Britain had nuclear weapons or not. Of course this was a good argument for abandoning them, but not one we could use to any effect. Still I am glad I devoted three years to CND. It is the only cause I have supported passionately and without reserve, and the only evidence I shall cite in my favour at the Day of Judgment.

☐ February 1958 is also a private anniversary for me. I notice from a tab on my jacket that the Cheviot Tweed suit I wear in cold weather was then made for me or 'built' as they say in the trade. It cost less than a pair of rough jeans do now and would have cost much the same if it had been made five years earlier or five years later. The ending of stable money has been among the greatest disasters of my lifetime. When people speculate why we now have such a troubled world with hi-jacking and kidnapping and violence in the streets, the answer is simple: no stable money. Phoney money, which is what we have now, destroys ordered society. This is not merely the reactionary view of conservative economists. Marx was a resolute champion of the gold standard and believed that any departure from it was a capitalist device with which to cheat the proletariat. One of these days we shall have to make a clean sweep as Bonaparte did in 1799 and start again. Then we shall have once more a settled world with no alarms and no dangers. Or am I the only consistent Marxist still alive?

☐ Former prime ministers are a great embarrassment to their parties if they remain in politics. Lord Rosebery was one great example. For ten years after he ceased to be Prime Minister he brought trouble to the Liberal Party. Some Liberals wanted him back. Some, more wisely, trembled at his every speech. The Liberals did not recover until they had shaken him off. Gladstone also harassed his party. First he resigned as leader. Then he intervened in the great campaign over the Bulgarian Horrors, ostensibly as a private Member. Finally he claimed to be surprised at becoming Prime Minister once more. This was not the end. After again resigning in 1894 he flung himself into the Armenian agitation two years later and once more expected to become Prime Minister at the age of 86. Fallen monarchs have usually gone more quietly. Emperor Ferdinand of Austria, known as 'Der Trottel' or the half-wit, made way for Franz Joseph after the revolutions of 1848 and retired to a palace at Prague. He was not left altogether undisturbed. Eighteen years later there was a war between Austria and Prussia. The Austrians were defeated and Prussian troops occupied Prague. The ex-Emperor wandered round the corridors of his palace muttering: 'Even I could have done as well as this.' I commend this remark to Mr Heath.

☐ Universities are looking up. At any rate I hear talk of increased grants and the revival of plans for expansion, though I hope not on the scale of the rush to create new universities some twenty years ago. It seems however that there will be a price to pay: universities must be more conscious of their duty to society. This may be all right for the physical scientists who will no doubt be beneficially employed solving our energy problems. It is all nonsense for what are absurdly called 'social scientists'. Economics, politics and for that matter history are not sciences. They are exercises of the imagination exactly like writing poetry or painting pictures. In my humble field I stick to my old view that history provides no practical guidance to the problems of the present. History enables us to understand the past better – no more and no less. If this does not qualify faculties or departments of history for an increased government grant, then I am afraid they must rub along without it.

☐ I am puzzled by the revelation in Group Captain Townsend's memoirs that if Princess Margaret had married him she would have been required to surrender her rank, her position and her income. Exactly how would this have been done? The rank of Royal Highness cannot be switched on and off at will. When Edward VIII abdicated he re-emerged as a Royal Highness. Succession to the throne, already improbable in Princess Margaret's case, is determined by the Act of 1702 and not by any royal decree. Her income comes from a parliamentary grant and as Parliament would have had already consented to her marriage if she were to marry at all, it is unlikely that Parliament would have followed its consent by revoking the grant. Things were certainly managed differently in earlier times. When the radical Duke of Sussex ignored the Royal Marriage Act and took to himself a non-wife, Queen Victoria created her Duchess of Inverness. Somewhat later the non-wife of the Duke of Cambridge became one of the Queen's close friends. The Duke did not live in his official residence. He went through the garden gate to the house next door where he spent a happy family life. I suppose that in this, as in other matters, there is one law for men and another for women. After all even Baldwin urged Edward VIII to take Mrs Simpson as his mistress, explaining: 'Things are permitted for royal personages, Sir, which would not be right for the rest of us.' But only it seems for Kings and Princes, not for Princesses.

☐ I have found a replacement for Pepys' Diary as bedtime reading. Not that it is reading in the literary sense. It is a dictionary and what a dictionary: *The Oxford Literary Guide to the British Isles*, edited by Dorothy Eagle and Hilary Carnell. The admirable editors have tracked down the most remote literary associations: where an author was born, where he lived and wrote his books, even the inn where he spent the night or the spot where he had an idea. Thus Baroness Orczy had a fully-formed vision of Sir Percy Blakeney while waiting for a train at the Temple Underground station. I should warn the user of the *Guide* against hurrying off on a pilgrimage to many of the places named: only too often they are labelled 'gone'. I have also a slight grumble. Few historians count as literary men. Gibbon and Macaulay are here, but no Bishop Stubbs, no Freeman, no Gardiner, no Firth, no Namier, no Neale. But I come in by a side wind. When Wordsworth went to school in Hawkshead he lodged with Ann Tyson, his Dame. I learn that in his time she no longer lived in the cottage near the centre of the village where a plaque commemorates Wordsworth's residence. She had moved to Green End Cottage, Colthouse. There in the 1930s I spent two happy summers. That's glory for you.

A. J. P. Taylor

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ The Arts Council grant went up yesterday by £7 m. to £49 m. Sport meanwhile, gets £12.2 m. Is that fair? Of course it isn't fair. It is a national disgrace. A scandal. It is iniquitous. Let's be blunt. How many really care about the Arts? What good do they do? – *Daily Express* (James Ewart)

☐ The danger that political education in schools would turn into political indoctrination has been exaggerated, Mr Norman St John-Stevas, Opposition spokesman on education, told the Young Conservatives' national conference at Harrogate on Saturday. In any case, he added, most teachers voted Conservative. – *The Times* (E. Evans)

☐ The Queen and Prince Philip both have flu and had to cancel their engagements today. Prince Charles stood in for the Queen at a Palace investiture while Elton John deputised for Prince Philip at the opening of a new Jubilee sports centre in Covent Garden. – *Evening Standard* (Steve Haywood)

☐ Decorator Trevor Edwardes landed himself in court yesterday after barking at a police dog outside a club. Edwardes, of Newcastle-under-Lyme, was fined £50 for using threatening behaviour. – *Daily Express* (M. Boom)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

University Forum

Malcolm Balen*

Jesus and the Kite

The 'two nations' of Cambridge have never been as evident as they are today. On the one hand, Trinity College, with an annual income of £1m., leads the college profit machines. On the other, an impoverished county council is forced to go cap in hand to a Government which has lopped £10m. off its financial aid. And day by day in the midst of it all Robinson College is growing up, fed on the millions of its sponsor, David Robinson. Balance his £17m. investment against the county council's deficit and you can see why some might resent the university's presence – the traditional town/gown division is glaring. As a student journalist wrote recently: 'If you walk diagonally across Parker's Piece . . . you'll pass a single lamp-post at the half-way point, on which the words Reality Checkpoint have been etched.' To your back are the colleges and the town's 'Historic Centre'. In front – terraced streets, and on the distant horizon the housing estates of Romsey Town.

The disturbing thing about Cambridge is not the division that Reality Checkpoint marks, however, (though that is worrying enough) but a town/gown alliance which is bridging the gap. It's an alliance that is threatening the future of a decaying area of the city known locally as the 'Kite'. Recently a shop in the Kite was forced to close with the loss of 100 jobs and many laid the blame at the university's door.

The Kite gets its name from the kite-shaped area formed by its boundaries. It's where you go to find the unusual – second-hand shops, shops for bric-à-brac, antiques, modern jewellery – all mingle in an incongruity that's a welcome relief from life in the centre of town. But it's here that plans for a vast shopping centre have abounded, mainly because of the city council's desire to protect the Historic Centre from an ever-increasing number of shoppers. 'Safeguarding the character' of Cambridge has always meant safeguarding the university. That's fair enough in that only the most radical would want to turn King's College Chapel into a multi-storey car park. But whether or not a shopping centre is really needed is, to say the least, a bone of contention between the Kite residents, the council – and the university.

Bulldozers and sledgehammers are not the first things brought into people's minds when they think of the cloistered calm of a Cambridge college. But recent revelations about Jesus College may go some way towards changing this. The university comes into the picture in the Kite because Jesus College is the largest landowner in the area. It has always backed the shopping centre, but local outrage hit a new peak recently when it was learned that it had deliberately destroyed the windows and roofs of three of its houses. Two weeks later, in the early hours of the morning, the bulldozers moved in. The area is now as flat as a car park – which is what it will be if the latest redevelopment proposals go through. Only a few tell-tale yellow and red bricks hint at what once was there.

To be fair to the college, it did get a 'condemnation order' from the council, certifying that the houses were uninhabitable. But local feeling runs high, not least because of the stealth with which the operation was conducted but also because both the college and the council seem to be bending the rules of the game. The college's attitude fits in very well with a council which recently agreed to demolish its vacant houses in the Kite as soon as the finance, but not the plan, of the shopping centre is agreed. Residents are suspicious that the redevelopment could be used as an excuse to get rid of unprofitable housing. Further, all houses along one of the Kite's boundaries, Maid's Causeway, are protected by a Preservation Order – except one, which is vital to the scheme.

The council now refuses to take rent from those who want to carry out improvements because this would mean giving leases and, as the leader of the council says, this would 'inhibit development taking place'. He said that short-term benefits must be sacrificed to long-term ones. But for the residents the 'blight' or unfulfilled planning decision which has banned them from arresting the decay has been rather more than a short-term measure. They view ironically the council leader's statement that one of the reasons for having a shopping centre is that 'the area . . . is in a very run down state'.

Jesus College's role has been one of such silent support that they, rather than any developers, earn the accolade of being 'the faceless men'. No comment has been forthcoming throughout a succession of plans, stretching back nearly a decade, which have mirrored the ebb and flow of the council's finances rather than the desires of the people. The largest plan, for a shopping centre covering 420,000 sq. feet, was rejected in 1975 only because the council could not afford a stake of £12m. and 'would not reap financial benefit from the project'. The latest proposal is for half this size and will cost £10m. But at no time has the college reacted to the charge that the delay which it has tacitly approved has been a major cause in the Kite's decay. The council now finds itself having to negotiate with a Pension Fund and in so doing seems to have given up total control of the new plan. It has only a 'preferred strategy' which even the chairman of the council's own architecture panel described as bad of its type. In the circumstances, the university's silence over the Kite seems just further proof that it regards certain parts of town as expendable. Many townsfolk resent the way it can arrange a marriage of convenience for itself whilst remaining divorced from reality in its refusal to share libraries or sports grounds with the town.

It's variety, however, that gives the Kite its unique charm and friendliness – a welcome change from the austere, if impressive, architecture that dominates college life. But the friendliness of the residents turns to bitterness whenever the shopping centre is mentioned. A few years ago they held their own referendum: 23 out of 700 favoured the plans. From the outset, action groups were formed, starring in a BBC film and putting forward the idea of 'gradual renewal'. They protested that it was a question of people out of scale with the vastness of buildings and that a multinational could not replace the chat and charm of the corner shop.

To a certain extent it's easy to see what they mean. I once saw a notice in the window of a café, one of the Kite's many meeting places. It read simply: 'Closed until 20 April. Until then we recommend our neighbours.' But in some respects it's all to easy to support the underdog. Reality, inevitably, has another face. To demand gradual renewal begs the question: the pressure on Cambridge as both a shopping and commuter centre is growing all the time. You soon learn to avoid the town centre on Saturdays when shoppers spill on to the roads and cyclists jam on rusty brakes in valiant efforts to avoid them. But the feeling is that even if redevelopment is necessary the plan is a bad one and the university has a lot to answer for in the way it has chosen to support the plan.

And what of the average student in all this? Well, three years in a place isn't really long enough to get involved. No one notices what's going on outside their college and if they do they don't care. What was radicalism in the 1960s is apathy in the 1970s. The Garden House Hotel is now the place to go for your interview with the multinationals rather than a place to burn down. The pressures of Tripos now seem more important than protesting against the pressure the university can exert on the town. The so-called 'moderates' have almost total control of the Students Union and they're more interested in selling cheap stationery and photocopying than welding together the essentially disparate elements of a collegiate university. The running joke here is that Rank Xerox shares jump every time they are elected, and few bother to vote. Meanwhile, the great divide between the university and the town is as great and divisive as ever. Recently, the county police had to scrap its cadet scheme, despite a 20-per-cent increase in crime last year, half the street-lamps were turned off early to save £70,000, the university bought an island as an investment and Blackfriars tube station was refurbished courtesy of King's College. Reality Checkpoint still exists and presumably always will. But no-one seems to notice.

*Malcolm Balen is a third-year History student at Peterhouse, Cambridge.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First Person

Arthur Marshall

Bang Bang You're Dead

I have only once, I am glad to say, let off a fire-arm in anger. This outburst of temper was long ago during military training on the outdoor rifle range at school, a spacious expanse of land made hideous by butts and set in a charming piece of country belonging to the Rothschild family, who kindly allowed us its use. We were part of the OTC or Officers Training Corps. Things may be different now but the school authorities of those days deceived nobody when they blandly announced that the action of joining the OTC was 'entirely voluntary'. In actual fact, it was about as voluntary as being born. At the age of 14, in you went: or else. Boys who were able to persuade their parents to invent excuses to get them off the detested eight-day summer camp found themselves next term moved down several places in seniority on the house list, a devastating punishment. They didn't opt out a second time.

Marched forth in column of fours to the range, we lay down in turns, were issued with live ammunition, adjusted our sights and prepared to shoot, while schoolmaster officers, as convincing in uniform as a No 3 touring company of *Journey's End*, barked out safety precautions before, during and after the pop-pop-popping. Could the cumbersome rifles have been Lee-Enfields? They certainly had the look of having served with Kitchener in his salad days. The anger of which I wrote came from the general idiocy of the undertaking, the appalling din, the bruising of one's shoulder, the humiliation of never hitting the target, the assorted smells, the heat, the scratchy uniforms, the buzzing flies and the realisation that nearby lay the cool, green, restful gloom of the Rothschild woods. How infinitely more profitable to lie there beneath a tree and read a good book, any book. But no.

Years passed and it was some time before I was called upon to let off a fire-arm again and on this occasion it was not in anger at all but more in a sort of hypnotised surprise than anything else. The little happening occurred in France and during the somewhat confused fighting of 1940. I was in charge of an FSP section. FSP stood for Field Security Police, the word 'Police' being subsequently dropped as being needlessly off-putting, our mission being help and advice on the denying of information to the enemy. We consisted of 14 NCOs mounted on motor-bicycles, a sergeant-major, a car, and me. By May, 1940, I cannot think that there was much information that had been denied to the Germans: it was not very difficult to learn. All from the leaky Frogs. Caught up in the extremely mobile military operations following the invasion of the Low Countries, we drove here, we drove there, occasionally shelled by tanks unable to find more interesting quarry, searching hastily deserted headquarters for documents valuable to the foe and knee-deep the entire time in suspected civilian spies brought to us for interrogation. Lacking concrete evidence, the British, strong on justice, usually liberated them. The French method of dealing with the problem was to question them and shoot them. The Belgian method was the same as the French, only without the questions.

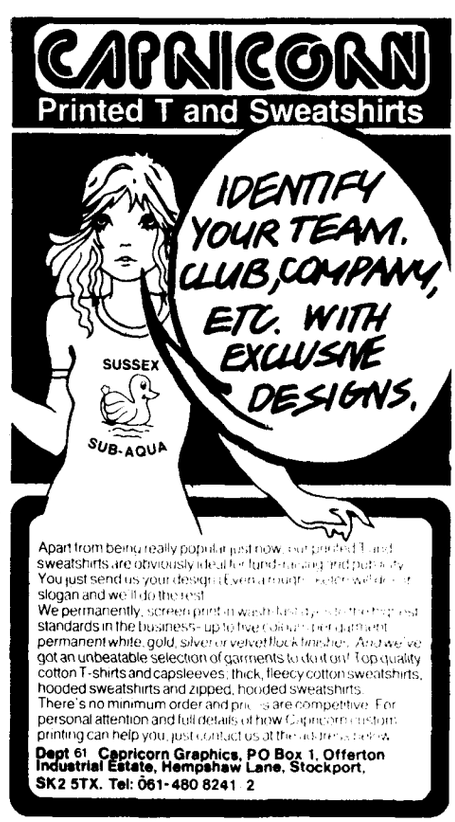
One of the major difficulties was locating our various formations. You never knew where anybody had got to and when information reached you as to where they were, they weren't there any more. An officer friend of mine, coming in his car at dusk out of a side road, found himself in the middle of a German supply convoy ('*Guten Abend*') but managed, undetected, to slip away in the dark. Completely lost one day in Belgium, I mounted a hillock with my sergeant-major and, from its top, swept the countryside with the opera glasses entrusted to me by my father and previously mainly used for feasting the eyes on Gladys Cooper. They hung round my neck on a strap and made me look, I hoped, every inch the seasoned campaigner. Aircraft and guns and bangs and puffs of smoke were on all sides. Who was where, and which was which? Impossible to tell. Hearing from behind me a strange swooshing sound, I turned round and there, gliding relatively silently towards us and in highly deceitful manner, was a German aeroplane, about 300 feet up and quite near. Very unusual and interesting it was, but what to do for the best? I possessed a loaded revolver and, pulling it out, I drew a hasty bead and then pumped, as they say, a series of defiant shots into the very heart of the gleaming fuselage. Odd. It kept right on coming. My practice on that range had all been for nothing. It then dropped two mini-bombs which shook the ground, covered us in earth and killed a cow, after which it made itself scarce, startled by my revolver shots no doubt and realising that one meant business.

The pleasures of shooting, either in war or in peace, pass me by, though I am by no means averse, when it comes to birds, to the tasty results of the slaughter. And, a few decades ago, what wholesale slaughter it was, as the information published by Debrett's Peerage Ltd in *The Big Shots* (£6.50) and supplied by Jonathan Garnier Ruffer, shows. George V shot with Lord Burnham in 1913 when the day's bag was 4,000 pheasants. Lord Walsingham, shooting by himself on Bluberhouse Moor in 1888, bagged 1,070 grouse in a day (driven back and forth by beaters since dawn and worn out, some of them just sat sullenly down and sulked). Lord Ripon once dispatched 28 pheasants in a minute, seven of them being dead in the air at the same time, like jugglers with those Indian clubs. The record for the most individual kind of shot goes without question to the Duke of Devonshire who, aiming at a wounded cock pheasant as it passed a gate, managed, in one great glorious bang, to kill both the pheasant and the retriever that was running after it, while at the same time peppering the dog's owner in the leg, together with the Chatsworth chef who had unwisely come out to see the fun. Great consternation. Would dinner be on time?

Shooting was an ideal way for great landlords to entertain in the winter months. Edward VII ('Tum-Tum' behind his back), too obese for hunting, could safely be popped by his host into a butt and left there to blaze happily away at pheasants that had sometimes, like himself, arrived by train. The royal rip dearly loved banging off at almost anything that moved and on a Near East tour had ended the lives of wild boars, crocodiles and several owls. In Egypt he blasted dozens of flamingoes out of the morning flight, before going on to pick off a few bats in the tomb of Rameses IV. And he managed to bag a beater at Six Mile Bottom, the wounded man astutely realising that the louder he yelled, the larger the annuity was likely to be.

In fact, dangers were everywhere and not even the butts themselves were entirely safe. Lord Walsingham's powder exploded and he burst into flames, singeing his eyebrows. Lord Wemyss set fire, rather cleverly, to the butt itself, and thence to the surrounding countryside, which blazed pleasingly for a fortnight.

The book's photographs of the titled rich enjoying themselves, guns and death all round, hardly lift the heart though there are two surprises – Giacomo ('Tiny frozen hand') Puccini in a rather elaborate sable coat and bagging ducks, and the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, ready for the fray and who, in due course, got bagged himself.


CAPRICORN
Printed T and Sweatshirts
IDENTIFY YOUR TEAM, CLUB, COMPANY, ETC. WITH EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS.
SUSSEX
SUB-AQUA
Apart from being really popular just now, our printed T and sweatshirts are obviously ideal for fund-raising and publicity.
You just send us your design (even a rough), colour(s) and slogan and we'll do the rest.
We permanently screen print on wash-fast, pre-shrunk garments to standards in the business – up to five colours in permanent white, gold, silver or velvet flock finishes. And we've got an unbeatable selection of garments to do it on! Top quality cotton T-shirts and capsleeves; thick, fleecy cotton sweatshirts, hooded sweatshirts and zipped, hooded sweatshirts.
There's no minimum order and prices are competitive. For personal attention and full details of how Capricorn custom printing can help you, just contact us at the address below.
Dept 61 Capricorn Graphics, PO Box 1, Offerton Industrial Estate, Hempshaw Lane, Stockport, SK2 5TX. Tel: 061-480 8241 2

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

Multinational Power

Sir, I have some sympathy with Stuart Holland's attack (Letters 17 February) on Galbraith's defence (NS 10 February) of the multinationals, but he hasn't got things right either. Both overestimate the degree of freedom enjoyed by today's multinational and, by so doing, get themselves into all sorts of tangles when discussing the economic and non-economic power enjoyed by these companies.

To dispose of one easy target first, Holland really must work harder to demonstrate the non-economic power of multinational companies; he cannot just rest on the Mossadeq and Allende cases (which, of course, Galbraith ought to consider). First, neither of these cases is actually an open-and-shut demonstration of corporate power, since neither ITT nor Anglo-Iranian BP were notably successful in preserving their commercial interests; Anglo-Iranian, for instance, came out of Mossadeq's overthrow with only 40 per cent of an operation it had fully controlled up to 1950. Secondly, for every case of corporate skulduggery, it is possible to cite major instances of corporate impotence. For instance, the US oil companies could not modify official American support for the state of Israel, whose presence in the Middle East inevitably compromised their activities in the Arab world: in 1973, these same companies were spectacularly unable to warn Washington that a war was coming and that the Saudis would have to back the Egyptians against US interests. Finally, any theory of corporate power has to explain why no significant oil-producing regime has been overthrown in the 1970s, despite the virtual revolution in the industry which this decade has seen.

More interesting is whether Holland (and, implicitly, Galbraith) is right when he points to the 'power of the board of the global corporation to decide what is produced, where, when, and why and to whom'. Yes, I concede that they do still have some such power when – as, say, with the case between France and Britain – the balance of comparative advantages and disadvantages does not come down so heavily in favour of investing in one country that the multinational companies' oligopolistic advantages are outweighed by the economic costs of investing in the unfavoured country. Increasingly, though, I am struck by cases such as Volkswagen's reluctant acceptance that relative changes in the value of the Deutsche Mark and dollar made an American assembly plant inevitable; the failure of the US car manufacturers to fight off competition from Japanese small cars; the failure of US electronic companies to dominate the production of the next major consumer product, video-recorders. Finally, there is the challenge from low-cost labour areas. Here, Holland is deluding himself if he believes that these countries are only competitive through the help of multinational companies. There has been a revolution in the competence of government planners and industrial managers through large parts of the Third World, and there are certainly national companies in countries such as South Korea and India (perhaps also in Hong Kong, Taiwan and Singapore) which are emerging as important competitors to existing multinational companies in relatively open markets such as those of the Middle East. In time, they too will follow the Japanese and turn their attention to Europe and North America.

Faced with this global business environment, in which the international product cycle has speeded up out of all recognition from the palmy 'American Challenge' days of the 1950s and 1960s, the 'power' of the MNCs comes down to choosing between (a) investing in or buying from the newly competitive regions such as Asia or (b) pressuring the OECD governments into putting up trade barriers against such imports. So, although Galbraith was right to stress the support MNCs have given to lowering tariffs, there are clear signs that a growing number of MNCs are now entering the protectionist camp – certainly where the products of Third World industrialisation are concerned. Of course, what the Labour Party should do about all this would be the subject of another overlong letter.

LOUIS TURNER

Royal Institute of International Affairs
Chatham House
10 St James's Square
London SW1

Sir, Professor Galbraith's spirited defence of multinational corporations (NS 10 February) seems to have made some curious omissions in the context of the more anti-social activities of the transnational companies. One would have at least expected a passing reference to the well documented cases of ITT in Chile or United Brands in the Honduras.

However, what is considerably more disturbing than Professor Galbraith's apparent neglect of recent events is his unqualified approval of corporate loyalty which he believes is 'a small pacifying influence, a civilised step on from narrow militant nationalism'. Those of us who read the *Sunday Times* a fortnight ago might be forgiven for viewing this idealism with a certain amount of scepticism. The court awarded £66m. damages to Richard Grimshaw for terrifying burns he suffered when the Ford Pinto in which he was a passenger burst into flames after a minor accident. Internal Ford documents of 1972 revealed that Ford was aware of the potential danger of the car and had conducted a cost benefit analysis to see whether it was worth remedying the accident-prone fuel tank. Ford decided that if 180 people died and another 180 were seriously injured from burns the cost would be £49.5m. Against this, it was worked out that the cost of complying with the safety standard proposals of Congress would have totalled £137m. Ironically, the damages that Ford has since paid out have exceeded their estimate for the original modifications. It may be an extreme case of corporate thinking but it is a timely demonstration of its inherent dangers. Multinational corporations are committed to maximising their global profits and unquestioning adherence to such goals is surely every bit as dangerous as 'militant nationalism'.

It is in the Third World that the activities of multinational companies come into critical focus and where conflict of interest is most likely to arise. At best they can make a valuable contribution to the development of a country's economy; at worst, they display an attitude which puts their interests above those which are best for the host country – hence statements from men like H. Walter, the chairman of a multinational food company, writing in the *Columbia Business Journal* on the subject of marketing in developing countries:

> How often we see in developing countries that the report the economic outlook the more important the small luxury of a flavoured soft drink or smoke . . . to the dismay of many would-be benefactors the poorer the malnourished are, the more likely they are to spend a disproportionate amount of whatever they have on some luxury rather than on what they need . . . Observe, study learn. We try to do it at IFF. It seems to pay off for us. Perhaps it will for you too.

As for transfer of technology benefits, a UN study between 1960 and 1970 found that the proportion of foreign technology contracts which contained prohibiting of limiting clauses on exports was 99 per cent in Peru, 97 per cent in Mexico, 93 per cent in Chile and 83 per cent in Bolivia. (It has been estimated that the Third World holds only 1 per cent of the world stock of patents.) As for other contributions to international trade a 1973 UN Report on the *Flow of Financial Resources, Private Foreign Investment in Selected Developing Countries,* stated that: 'We may be justified in concluding that they [global corporations] do not offer any marked benefits to the host countries.'

Further cases of the abuse of power which Galbraith neglects are: the Monopolies Commission investigation into Hoffman La Roche's pricing policies concerning the drugs valium and librium in 1973; the 1978 US Supreme Court decision upholding the rights of the governments of India, Iran and the Philippines to sue six pharmaceutical companies for alleged price fixing: the 1975 ruling when United Brands was fined £400,000 by the European Commission for commercial malpractice – to say nothing of the more extreme cases such as Nestle's marketing of baby food products in the Third World.

TIM SHAWCROSS

5a Town Street
Marple Bridge
Cheshire

The Politics of Journalism

Sir, In his letter to you (Letters 17 February) Sidney R. Campion suggests that James Margach was not given a knighthood by Harold Wilson because Sir Denis Hamilton refused to make me political correspondent of the *Sunday Times* in Margach's place. That is a lie.

At no time have I ever considered or sought that post. Margach retired several months before Harold Wilson did and the admirable Michael Jones was appointed to take his place. Campion not only smears Wilson and me, which might have been his objective, but he smears Hamilton and Margach too. I am certain that Wilson never made any approach of that kind to Hamilton; that if he had Hamilton would not have entertained it; and that if he had entertained it I would never have accepted it.

JOE HAINES

7 Hazel Shaw
Tonbridge, Kent

A Wild Attack

Sir, Robert Cottrell's article (NS 10 February) has only just come to my notice. On the substance of his article I make no comment in case (as I would hope) an appeal is pending, and the matter is still *sub judice.* There are, however, one or two points on which the author is not fully informed. The offence of 'possession with intent to supply' is not a legacy of the Wootton Report, as we made no recommendation distinguishing trafficking from simple possession. We were in fact officially told at the time that such a distinction was not practicable (although it was subsequently introduced in the 1971 Act). But the law has not been *entirely* static in relation to cannabis since the publication of the Wootton Report

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nine years ago. In the 1977 Criminal Law Act the maximum penalty which may be imposed on summary conviction for possession of this drug was reduced by Government itself from four months' imprisonment to three. It is therefore now actually *below* that proposed by our infamous Report! When the Criminal Law Bill was before Parliament, a number of amendments which would have made further liberalisations were proposed (in the Lords by myself and others) but were all defeated.

BARBARA WOOTTON

House of Lords

Sir, In his article on Judge David Wild (NS 10 February) Mr Cottrell states that 'the local MP, the historian Robert Rhodes James will not comment'. To be more accurate the statement should read 'will not comment publicly at present'. The Community Relations Council is not in any doubt of my views, and particularly after my speech on race relations in Cambridge on 3 February which was prominently reported in Cambridge although not, alas, elsewhere.

ROBERT RHODES JAMES

House of Commons

Syrie Maugham

Sir, I was interested to read the letter from Mr Gerald McKnight concerning a biography of Syrie Maugham. Your readers may like to know that we have a biography in production by Mr Richard B. Fisher. The book is virtually complete and will be published this autumn.

COLIN HAYCRAFT

Chairman and Managing Director
Gerald Duckworth and Company Ltd
The Old Piano Factory
43 Gloucester Crescent NW1

A Strong Personality

Sir, The mischievous article (NS 17 February) by a Mr Stephen Games on the problems arising at the Victoria and Albert Museum from the across-the-board personnel cuts imposed by the Department of Education and Science purports to reveal what went on behind the scenes but is greatly weakened by being so manifestly one-sided. Mr Games begins by stating that 'when in the last year the Government called for cut-backs in civil service spending, the V & A had to comply by submitting to 11 per cent staff reductions. For a civil service department there was just no choice.' How then can he be so blind as to ignore the clear implications of my letter to *The Times* from which he quotes? These were that no such cuts had been made at those national museums which, as distinct from the V & A, are governed by independent Boards of Trustees. Surely the proof of the pudding is in the eating? Further, Mr Games takes it upon himself to claim special inside knowledge of the opinions and standpoint of the staff. But what of the feelings of the general public (including scholars, students and children) for whom the museum exists? Naughtily to disregard those feelings would be a case of allowing the tail to wag the dog.

HUGH LEGGATT

30 St James's Street
London SW1

Sir, I am writing to comment on last week's article about the Victoria and Albert Museum of whose advisory council I am the longest serving member under three chairmen and with two directors. The author sees a sorry state of affairs. My own impression is quite the reverse. I see more consultation than hitherto, a more lively programme of events and a deeper concern with the objectives for which the museum was founded and many other improvements and developments.

Accordingly I am saddened by an article which so misrepresents the motives of the director and so distorts the facts to this end that I wonder what the author's objectives may be and whence his inspiration may come. I can make guesses, but the object of this letter is not to accuse; rather it is to ask you to give equivalent space simply for an authoritative statement and for correction of the many factual inaccuracies. As such a one-sided and heavily biased view has been presented at length on the basis of inaccurate and distorted facts, I hope that you will, as a matter of courtesy, see your way to do this.

DUNCAN OPPENHEIM

Victoria and Albert Musem
London SW7

An article by Dr Roy Strong will be appearing next week: Ed. NS.

The Case for Camden

Sir, I wish to disagree with E. R. Campion's view (Letters 10 February) of Camden's efforts to improve job opportunities for its ethnic-minority population. What bothers me, and other members of the black community, notably the young, is the fact that whilst for centuries society continuously evolves and adapts its modes of maintaining and defending privilege, often when an opportunity for taking positive action presents itself, nothing happens. This is frequently because your average liberal seems at times not only to want to win the argument at the level of ideas, but also to win it in an often dubious and sometimes hostile press. What is then left for the poor and the underprivileged is the continuation of the long, and from time to time bitter and violent, struggle, in the face of negative discrimination (which in spite of what E. R. Campion says is not an easily forgotten experience) and in the face of continuing institutional disadvantages.

It's interesting to note that when a few years ago positive discrimination was seen as a way of providing nursery education, in places where once there was none, there was no criticism at the time calling such moves condescending. Further, I very much doubt whether those children who have experienced such provision are suffering the harmful consequences of patronage. The point is that if we accept the need to break the cycle of deprivation, then there are no elegant equations, nor ways having merit in every regard, in which this can be done. Equally, there can be no guarantee of success for every positively discriminatory measure, but given the times in which we now find ourselves, the effort is certainly worth the try. Camden's action deserves our support, not least of all because it addresses itself towards dealing with the dilemma of employment imbalance which is one of the major sources of inequality in our society.

RUSSELL PROFITT

Prospective Parliamentary Candidate
Cities of London and Westminster S.
Labour Party

12 Duncrievie Road
London SE13

Plumbing the Depths

Sir, It seems a great pity, in view of the amount of space that was available to Patrick Wintour (NS 17 February) that the article on the power-station workers' pay claim should be so inaccurate, given that most of the facts have been publicly aired over the last four prejudiced and fanciful view of my own union's structure. He chooses to ignore that, in consultative terms, all four unions involved have gone to great lengths to involve their shop stewards in drawing up the claims submitted to the Electricity Council, as well as in repeated report-backs. He equally omits to mention that the outcome of the last freely negotiated settlement three years ago was submitted to a ballot of the entire workforce in the industry. The only adequate description I can find for this ill-informed article is, 'Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practise to deceive.'

F. J. CHAPPLE

General Secretary
Electrical Electronic Telecommunication and Plumbing Union
West Common Road
Bromley

Not Just the Middle-aged

Sir, I sympathise with Mr Ernest in his disappointment at the change of fashion that prevents him from growing his hair (Letters 10 January).

My own disappointment comes from a change of attitudes. Taught, as a Victorian child, to respect and endure my elders I looked forward to the time when I should become a domineering and revered old lady. Now, at 90, I find that old ladies and reverence have gone out and I rank as a loved but funny old survivor from an all-but prehistoric past. So I am again on the low end of the generation seesaw and cannot hope to wait for my side to swing up again.

M. GOSS

The Close
Dunwich
Saxmundham
Suffolk

Encounter

The March issue, just out, includes

George F. Kennan
A CURRENT ASSESSMENT OF SOVIET-AMERICAN RELATIONS

George Feaver
THE WEBBS AS PILGRIMS

Antony Flew
THE PROCRUSTEAN IDEAL

Ferdinand Mount
PETER HANDKE

F. A. Hayek
THE MISCARRIAGE OF THE DEMOCRATIC IDEAL

and a special book section on

PHILOSOPHY & PSYCHOLOGY

80p ($2.00) from leading newsagents or from the publishers (postage 15p)

Annual subscription £8.75 ($21.00)

ENCOUNTER 59 ST. MARTIN'S LANE LONDON WC2

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS IN GENERAL

James Fenton

One Nostril Means Latin

English and American Surrealist Poetry edited by Edward B. Germain, *Penguin* £1.75

One thing the surrealists never wanted was to be thought of as a school like any other. So David Gascoyne argues in his introduction to *A Short Survey of Surrealism* (1936) that 'surrealism is *not* a style, *not* a school of literature or painting . . . *not* a system of aesthetics'. It was, he believed, 'a latent state of mind, a human attitude in the widest sense of the word human'. And Maurice Nadeau begins the foreword to his *History of Surrealism* (written in occupied France, Penguin 95p):

> A history of surrealism – then surrealism must be dead! Not to our way of thinking. The surrealist state of mind or, better still, surrealist behaviour, is eternal.

To Edward B. Germain the movement has a beginning but no end. It begins in France in 1924. Today, however,

> the spirit of surrealism has become the spirit of modern poetry: the search for the marvellous; the desire to break through the boundaries between subject and object, between desire and reality; the need to create a vision superior to the ugliness of contemporary civilisation. Surrealism endures in its insistence on a vivification of language, so that pre-learned categories crumble, and desire can reveal the beauty that categories cannot. Poets believe in this beauty.

Alas, the qualities that Mr Germain attributes to modern surrealism are banal. Imagine a poetry which did not insist on the vivification of language. Nevertheless, Mr Germain's tone of voice is reminiscent of the early surrealist propagandists. They were shrill, apocalyptic and vain. They were dogmatic to a degree surprising in men who proclaimed the end of so many dogmas. They were fond of announcements, pronouncements and manifestos.

'The foundation of an English surrealist group,' Roger Roughton proclaimed in his magazine *Contemporary Poetry and Prose*, 'and the publication of its bulletin, are matters of some importance to revolutionary culture.' Surrealism aimed to break down irrational bourgeois-taught prejudices. It was therefore 'all the more necessary that this revolutionary essence should not be adulterated by the contradictory attitude of individual surrealists'. Herbert Read had mentioned the surrealist's claim to be a more consistent communist than many who compromised with the aesthetics of capitalism. Look at the treatment he gets from the 19-year-old Roughton:

> This Troskyist 'more communist than communists' attitude must be carefully guarded against. The Communist Party, with its policy of instant recall and maximum discussion of all issues before decisions are taken, is the most democratic organisation today, and those who, claiming to be communists, remain outside the party and criticise it, show not their independence but their irresponsibility.

One thinks of Roughton, with his brilliance, his charmlessness, his ability to get the best writers of the day to contribute to his magazine (the first issue alone contains work by Dylan Thomas, Gavin Ewart, E. E. Cummings, Gascoyne, William Empson and Roughton himself), his inability to get girls into his sports car, his enthusiastic Stalinism, his much-heralded novel about America (never completed), and his suicide in 1941 – what better figure to represent the fate of English surrealism? Here are some lines of Roughton from the Penguin anthology:

> Dare you ask for a rifle and sign on
> the line?
> Remember the pain when you fractured
> your wrist.
> Could you bear the damp air in the grave
> Or going to bed unkissed?
>
> Maneating plants have grown out of
> the bath,
> The pipes are about to burst through;
> Can you call for the plumber to help, with
> his soviet
> Grammar and tickle too?

The grammar and tickle, the call to arms, the injunction to do without sex – from a young man who would never get enough of it, who would never be called up (he failed his medical) and who would not live to set the record straight on his simple-minded Stalinism. How completely he belonged to his period.

This was something surrealism dreaded, to be bound hand and foot to its age. Yet in a way, despite its broader range and ambitions, surrealism dated faster than Dada. This is something one feels in the Hayward exhibition (reviewed on p263). The defiant humour of Dada survived for a while in the surrealist movement, but it was always in danger of becoming swamped. In so far as surrealism represented the romanticism of the post-Freudian age, it made a permanent impact on the literary and artistic traditions of the century. In so far as it was the artist's way of doing his bit for the Cause, it was doomed like Roger Roughton to suicide.

Mr Germain hates the idea of tradition: 'Let us look', he suggests, 'at the central problem for the modern poet who sees through the posturings of that hanger-on, tradition, and looks at so-called "civilised life" with clean eyes.' This comes at the end of his preface, where he appears to have lost his marbles. But the fact is that there was a tradition from which the surrealists sprang, and one which they acknowledged, and one which Mr Germain acknowledges in the saner half of his work. There were also surrealist clichés.

> Critics were swift to expose surrealist 'formulas' such as 'the —— of the ——': 'The craters of his eyes', 'the threads of her heart', 'the snakes of her hair', 'the lids of her windows', 'the houses of their blood', 'the keyhole of your eye' . . .

The parts of the body were dismembered and rearranged in every conceivable way, so that no surrealist painting or poem seems complete without its jumble of limbs. Francis Scarfe:

> But the deserted lady is frozen to the marrow
> her heart has floated into her left leg
> and her forked tongue asks in
> three languages

for a bassoon, a pyramid, and an egg.

Emanuel Carnevali:

> One nostril means latin,
> The other means greek.
> My legs will be
> little steel rods . . .

The body itself, in the end, becomes a cliché. Nonsense verse, one of surrealism's English ancestors (Aragon translated the *Hunting of the Snark* into French), had its favourite stage-props: nursery items, teapots, spoons and forks; threatening situations – the lesson, the trial; myths – the journey, the contest, the quest. Surrealist verse and painting show the nonsense tradition at the point of self-consciousness. Not surprisingly, they use many of the same props, adding to each a distinctive (and usually sexual) menace. So the nonsense chest-of-drawers becomes in surrealism the chest-of-drawers depicted as a human body. The landscape of nonsense becomes a body-landscape. The nonsense tea-cup is furred.

America and France hold a position in the history of surrealism to which England can never aspire. There is a slightly twee quality in our productions. Roland Penrose's 'Portrait of Valentine', which illustrates this anthology and is exhibited at the Hayward, in which butterflies and birds have settled on a blue face, and a rambling rose is crawling round the neck – one can hardly find it disturbing, any more than one would be shocked by the Elizabethan lines,

> There is a garden in her face
> Where roses and white lilies lie.

Penrose's poem/collage *The Road is Wider than Long*, in which snapshots of the Balkans illustrate the text, shares a fatally similar tendency towards the picturesque. (Mr Germain apologises for his inability to reproduce the original in facsimile – he really shouldn't worry, since the text is much more convincing on its own.) But if England was never a particularly welcoming home for surrealism, it at least cannot be held responsible for some of those poets Mr Germain considers to be the heirs of the great masters, the master of incomprehensibility John Ashbery, or the Laureate of self-regard Robert Bly, or the worst poet in the history of the world, Michael McClure:

> FORM IS AN EVASION! POETRY
> A PATTERN TO BE FILLED IN BY FAGGOTS.
> WILD ANGER MORE THAN CULTIVATED LOVE ! ! !

If this is Mr Germain's vision, give me rather the ugliness of contemporary civilisation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Michael Mason

Two Cultures?

Janus: A Summing-Up by ARTHUR KOESTLER *Hutchinson* £6.95
To Have or To Be? by ERICH FROMM *Cape* £4.95

These two books try to communicate pessimism about the modern world, but in both cases the authors' attitudes and procedures are much more distressing than anything they have to report. Arthur Koestler's *Janus*, in particular, is so hag-ridden by certain antagonisms and fears that it becomes itself an instance of cultural 'pathology' of the kind that it seeks to describe.

Even in their pessimism they are muddled. Fromm's 'premise' is the risk of an imminent 'psychologic and economic catastrophe' for mankind, a disastrous global lurch into a 'having' culture – to be averted only by the philosophy of 'being'. But he also suggests the conditions for this catastrophe have existed for as long as 'six or seven millennia' (and include that recent trend, cannibalism). Additional embarrassments for Fromm's jeremiad are constituted by the parochial scale of his evidence ('our whole life is greatly determined by the rise and fall of the consumer market for cars') and by the abundance of spiritual heavyweights, from the Buddha to Schweitzer, who are cited as having taught the superiority of 'being'. The attempt in Chapter One to prove that 'having' expressions are becoming alarmingly common in our language (or in all languages? – this is typically not clear) will cause any linguist to laugh and groan simultaneously. By this argument, we should be developing into a 'being mode' because of the appearance of a weak present indicative form in Medieval English.

Actually the distinction between 'being' and 'having' is so vague that it can be indefeasibly applied in almost any way that Fromm chooses, however grotesque. For instance, according to the distinction a 'being' person will associate the word 'headache' with 'stress'; a 'having' person will associate it with 'aspirin'. But Fromm takes care that the philosophy of 'being' doesn't entail anything subversive (to be generous is a sign of 'being', but a redistribution of national wealth would be 'having') or non-platitudinous: it turns out that 'joy in sex' requires 'love'. At bottom this book is a specimen of a particularly frictionless kind of American psychoanalytic discourse – which restores the patient's self-confidence, or confirms him in being egocentric, bumptious, opinionated, and careless of fact, depending on how you look at it.

Arthur Koestler forces an apocalyptic interpretation on his subject-matter more violently than Fromm. There is the same licence in the historical arguments (one sign of man's current 'pathology' is the ritual sacrifice of humans, which is admitted to be obsolete), supplemented by some extraordinary confusions about biology. Within a few pages man's aggressiveness is ascribed variously to the neo-cortex, the 'old' brain, and a conflict between the two. Man is an evolutionary failure (which consorts most oddly with the idea of evolutionary purposefulness argued later), but sometimes the index of such 'failure' is the extinction of a species and sometimes its survival (coelacanth-like) unchanged. Man has stopped evolving, Koestler says, because he has not changed in the last 100,000 years; elsewhere this interval is called 'the blinking of an eye on the evolutionary time-scale'.

The truth is that Koestler has a deep hatred of science, despite his claim to reconcile the 'two cultures'. At one point, most betrayingly, he calls art and science 'the opposite ends of the continuum' – having printed only a few pages earlier his 'triptych' in which science occupies a central position between art and humour. It is not just the superseded science of the past that Koestler is hostile to – though he never forbears to jeer at the 'hilarious' activities of scientists in 'Queen Victoria's reign', or to gloat over the 'shambles' to which their thinking has allegedly been reduced. He also detects 'conspiracies' among modern scientists to keep fundamental advances secret, and is sarcastic about the 'pronunciamentos of Einstein, Heisenberg or Feynman' – except when a chance quotation from one of them happens to suit his purpose. Also, as is habitual with the modern opponents of science, he betrays his animus by lumping together a whole range of supposed phenomena (e.g. telepathy, precognition and, of course, UFOs) which are quite disparate except in respect of science's scepticism or caution about them. When the cards are stacked against science in this way – when the onus is all on science to do the work, and never on its opponents – science can't win.

No wonder scientists distrust the telepathy-UFO-etc. lobby. And they have a further very good reason for doing so: the operation of wish-fulfilment in their opponents' thinking is so blatant. Koestler speaks as if accepting, say, Lamarckism requires an act of intellectual courage comparable to accepting Copernicus in the 16th century. But of course the bitter evolutionary pill was Darwinism. The possibilities for smugness all lie with a man of Koestler's Lamarckian persuasions rather than with the Victorian intellectual of 100 years ago assimilating the harsh message of *The Origin of Species* (which, set beside a book like Koestler's, is an example of popular scientific exposition that puts our own culture to shame). What drives Koestler into Lamarckism is his horror of determinism. But the arguments with which he is bent on refuting determinism all fail, and do not establish 'non-causal, non-physical factors operating in the universe' (itself a contradictory formulation).

Although organisms are hierarchical, so that different kinds of description are appropriate for different levels of their activity, it does not follow that there are no 'physiological concomitants' (as Koestler himself concedes) for events at higher levels. Koestler's discussion of genetics simply amounts to noticing that the genetic code is now recognised to operate more interactively than used to be thought. He speaks portentously of how the inviolability of an individual's

WEB OF VIOLENCE
A Study of Family Violence
Jean Renvoize

'This book can be thoroughly recommended. I hope it will be read by civil servants as well as by doctors, probation officers and social workers.' – Anthony Storr, *Sunday Times*.
£4.95

Woman, Sexuality and Social Control
Edited by Carol Smart and Barry Smart
The contributors reveal the many covert and concealed forms of oppression and social control to which women are still subject.
paperback £2.95

The Sex Role System
Psychological and Sociological Perspectives
Edited by Jane Chetwynd and Oonagh Hartnett
paperback £2.95

Tearing the Veil
Edited by Susan Lipshitz
This is a collection of essays by women about women, which examine the production of femininity in patriarchal society.
paperback £2.95

The Feminine
Spacious as the Sky
Miriam and José Argüelles
The timeless wisdom of the feminine in the myth and symbols of the ancient and modern world. *A Shambhala Publication*
paperback £4.20

ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL
39 Store Street, London WC1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

genetic material was disproved in 1970, but refrains from discussing the matter as 'too technical' – perhaps because the technicality in question was simply an enzyme: reverse transcriptase. His claim that evolution is mysteriously skewed towards the production of 'higher' forms is empty without some measure of altitude (more DNA? more characteristics? greater structural complexity in the organism?). Quantum theory is admittedly probabilistic, but this does not mean that a non-physical force called 'probability' is being invoked by quantum physicists. Koestler himself provides some fatally lucid instances of how probability can deal with events that are certainly physically caused, although not exhaustively explained, when he mentions various statistics of everyday life. Indeed the high point of absurdity in *Janus* must be the following observation and non-question:

> The average number of dogs biting people reported per day was 75.3 [in New York in 1955] . . . How do the dogs of New York know when to stop biting and when to make up the daily quota?

If that is meant to be a telling jibe at science, then God help the arts.

Derek Mahon

Exhibit A

The Poet in the Imaginary Museum: Essays of Two Decades by DONALD DAVIE edited by Barry Alpert *Carcanet* £6

What a pity that Donald Davie is less interesting as a poet than as a critic. Picking up the *Collected Poems*, as I not infrequently do, I find myself returning constantly to the earliest volumes, *Brides of Reason* (1955) and *A Winter Talent* (1957). Here, it seems to me – in 'The Garden Party', 'Remembering the Thirties', 'Hearing Russian Spoken' and 'Rejoinder to a Critic' – he wrote with a confidence and poise that he has never (in verse) quite managed since. The early poems are full of quotations: 'Yet irony itself is doctrinaire', 'A neutral tone is nowadays preferred', 'Abjure politic brokenness for good', 'Appear concerned only to make it scan'.

Note, however, that each and every one of these lapidary pentameters concerns the practice of poetry itself; even at this stage Davie was already the critic, or at any rate the discerning reader. The poems bristle with the names of the great; in the two earliest volumes alone we meet Shakespeare, Donne, Swift, Wordsworth, Byron, Keats, Emerson, Hopkins, Schiller, Pushkin, Dostoevsky, Strindberg, Rilke, Yeats, Pound, Owen, Graves, Auden, Isherwood and Beckett, to name only some of the 'creative writers'. Philosophers (Berkeley, Russell) are cited too, and painters considered (Piranesi, Juan Gris). If we didn't know that Davie was Barnsley born and bred, we might be forgiven for thinking that he was nurtured in the imaginary museum of his title. 'Nobody wants any more poems about philosophers or paintings or novelists or art galleries or mythology or foreign cities or other poems. At least I hope nobody wants them.' Thus, of course, Kingsley Amis, in a much quoted proscription of 1955; but Davie, despite certain 'Movement' attitudes ('Appear concerned only to make it scan'), was never really a Movement poet at all; cultural exhibits have always been part of his stock-in-trade. As Barry Alpert remarks in his foreword to this collection, the title, liberally interpreted, 'might embrace most of what Donald Davie has written during the past 25 years'.

Davie's imaginary museum is Malraux's, the 'museum without walls' which has been made possible in our century by the invention of gramophone recording and colour photography. Among creative artists, argues Davie in the title essay, the poet is the odd man out, not only because there is no technique by which a poem in English can be made entirely accessible to, say, a monoglot Russian, or a poem in Russian to a monoglot Englishman, but because

> at precisely the time when the inherently international media of painting and music were becoming (thanks to the technicians) *effectively* international, the medium of poetry was losing even that degree of international currency which it had enjoyed

(in the form of traditional mythology and symbolism). 'Poetry', he continues,

> becomes ever more parochial and provincial, while painting and music and sculpture become ever more international. Is there not a real danger that poetry will become, among the arts, of only marginal importance?

It's in the face of such a possibility, and the sort of welcome it has received, that Davie mounts his polemic. Reluctant to see English poetry become 'painfully modest in its pretensions, deliberately provincial in its scope', he champions poets who employ residual mythology and symbolism (Bunting, Tomlinson) or whose formal peculiarities seem to reflect an acknowledgment of the poetic predicament (Olson, Dorn), and, more in sorrow than in anger, relegates the mulishly provincial, the anti-poetry poets (Enright, Larkin) to the limbo of (so he would have it) their own spiritual pusillanimity. It goes without saying that he is controversial.

The Poet in the Imaginary Museum is a selection of Davie's criticism from periodical sources. An American bias is evident; Professor Alpert was a student of Davie's at Stanford. Aside from the large amount of space devoted to Eliot and Pound, there are substantial pieces on Stevens and Laura Riding, together with informed and intriguing reviews of more recent and less visible figures like George Oppen, Samuel Menashe and Alan Stephens. One of the most attractive features of Davie's criticism is his generous openness to the unfamiliar and the idiosyncratic. He once accused himself of being 'one of the steely trimmers whose suspicion of pretension in art is not always distinguishable from mean-mindedness'; but this does him less than justice. True, his characteristic tone is fastidious, even pernickety – how unpleasant to meet Dr Davie! – but it is deployed in the service of a [illegible] While recognising and repudiating pretension in art, no less than painful modesty, he insists on the validity and importance of art's large and rightful claim.

George MacDonald Fraser

Big Baby

The Kaiser: Warlord of the Second Reich by ALAN PALMER *Weidenfeld* £7.95

No one seems to have had a good word to say about the Kaiser, even before 1914. Lord Salisbury was more charitable than most when he told Edward VII that the German Emperor was 'a little off his head', and he may well have been right: there is no shortage of evidence that William II, if not certifiable, was still some distance from a happy mental norm. But instability was well down the scale of faults which his nearest and dearest discovered in him; even Queen Victoria, who tended to be indulgent of her grandchildren, described him as hot-headed and devoid of all feeling; his perceptive 'Aunt', Queen Sophie of the Netherlands, was alarmed at his 'propensity for lying', and Herbert Bismarck thought him heartless, superficial and vain. All these, however, paled before his parents' opinions.

To his father, Frederick III, that splendid soldier who was the handsomest man Conan Doyle ever saw, William was a conceited, overweaning braggart who would 'never mature, never come of age'. The Kaiser's mother, Princess Vicky, was even more unsparing: selfish, domineering, proud, rude, rash, obstinate, a poseur, 'a big baby' – she thought him all these things, and lamented that 'this son has never really been mine'. Thus his family, admittedly at their most critical; but they seem to have found few compensating virtues.

And all this was before the Great War. After 1918, when propaganda had done its work, the Kaiser enjoyed infamy on a scale shared only by Hitler in the 20th century. My own image of him still is of that brooding, haunted monster in helmet and jackboots, so brilliantly impressed on the world's mind by Bernard Partridge's cartoons; it is doubtful if in the history of pictorial journalism a subject has been so mercilessly pilloried by an artist. 'Retribution on the Rhine', 'Not My Soul' – they *were* the Kaiser, for two generations, and it is difficult to shake off their influence even now. Nor is it right that one should, entirely. Partridge was good: if his caricatures showed arrogance, brutality and evil, they also caught self-doubt and chronic insecurity, and that is what looks out from William's photographs, behind the defiant stare, the ludicrously-cocked moustache, the cultivated Prussian pomposity.

However, as Mark Twain said, there is a case to be made out for the Devil, and it is natural to feel reaction against the bad press given to the Kaiser and look for the [illegible]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but there are some, and when one goes through the record, as ably set out by Alan Palmer, they come into perspective. Not that this is a sympathetic biography; it is admirably impartial, and one finishes it, if not with a higher opinion of Kaiser Bill, at least with some understanding of why he was what he was.

It is impossible to condemn outright anyone who inspires pity, and William was pitiable from the moment he was born, with a crippled left arm, an impaired balance which prevented him even from running properly, and a burdening tradition behind him. The son of a war hero – a superb figure who seems, curiously, to have been occasionally jealous of him – William grew up at the zenith of Prussian militarism, heir to the German Empire, and painfully aware that physically at least he was cruelly unfitted for his destiny. We have the excruciating picture of the frightened, crying little boy being forced to learn to ride by the brutal expedient of dumping him back on his pony every time he fell off, steeling himself to overcome his bodily handicaps and succeeding to an admirable degree. He was not remarkable at school, at best a dilettante, and a disappointment to his parents. But if he was as unpleasant a child as his contemporaries suggest, it is worth wondering how far his parents' poor opinion was a cause rather than a consequence; he was far from insensitive, and few natures blossom happily in an atmosphere of disapproval.

He grew up into a strange, contradictory creature. Vain, swaggering, bombastic, autocratic, yet given to fits of doubt bordering on panic; rude, priggish, sarcastic, yet capable of genuine geniality and kindness; occasionally shrewd and far-sighted, yet wonderfully indiscreet (his mother regretted that she could not put a padlock on his mouth). Perhaps his greatest flaw was a talent for making mischief, nowhere more than in what Harold Nicolson called his love-hate relationship with Britain. Patriotism, jealousy and ambition were all at work in him, and helped to pave the way – with others shovelling manfully – to 1914. Probably no statesman had the faintest conception of what the Great War would be like, and William as little as any. The kindest verdict must be that he, like the others, did not know what he was unleashing; he was certainly not propaganda's blood-lusting butcher of Belgium and the Atlantic; in fact, he opposed the all-out U-boat war as long as he could. Later he was to observe of Hitler that 'the machine is running away with him as it did with me'. But he was still German enough in 1940 to exult as the panzers rolled on Paris; the kindly old gentleman in exile at Doorn, enthusing over Anna Neagle's portrayal of Queen Victoria, and reading Wodehouse, had not quite displaced the Warlord.

He is history now, and it is possible to view him as one views the other figureheads, with some dispassion. If he was, at heart, little worse and little better than the other celebrated ogres of the past, he was still considerably less competent. Mr Palmer has presented him fairly and without emotion; he has altered my picture of Kaiser Bill, and left me feeling slightly sorry for him [illegible] he helped to misrule. It was the world's misfortune, as well as William's, that he was simply not fit for the job. 'Ach, the fool!' was Queen Alexandra's judgment; between them, she and Lord Salisbury may not have been wide of the mark.

Zahir Jamal

Forms of Feeling

The Sovereign Ghost: Studies in Imagination
by DENIS DONOGHUE *Faber and Faber*
£6.75

Swift thought it mad and Johnson called it 'licentious and vagrant'. Blake took it for genius and Coleridge for God. We, it seems to Denis Donoghue, just take it for granted: and our indifference might well extinguish it once and for all. In Beckett's phrase, Imagination Dead Imagine.

Actually, Donoghue imagines no such thing, but he offers the prospect to show his concern for what's been happening to this enigmatic faculty. Our regard for the imagination now, he submits, is merely dutiful. We've removed its privileges to suit our post-Romantic disaffection, and in suppressing its exorbitance we've subdued its 'essential power'. In criticism, following I. A. Richards, we value its harmonies clinically ('balanced', 'healthy') as signs of nervous composure. And, though we've fallen out with Richards, his diminished imagination survives in numerous classroom versions. It consorts nicely with our dislike of the sublime. Like Cowper, Donoghue presumably would say, we sing the sofa now, reposing gratefully on themes designed for ease not elevation. Again, when we attend to our modernity we see it chiefly as an affront to the intellect.

The reference is to Trilling's lecture 'Mind in the Modern World', which defends its author's attachment to reason against the 'ideology of irrationalism'. Trilling's stance, Donoghue courteously suggests, is noble but his idiom of mind inevitably slights the imagination as a valid cultural force. Donoghue wants both and he wants imagination as the bigger word. The unconscious, he insists, is too precious to be handed over to R. D. Laing. Donoghue's imagination is 'that mental power which finds unnecessary the strict separation of conscious and unconscious life'. It entertains possibilities, motives, and feelings before the mind's 'administrative zeal' assigns them to categories. Its empathies extend sensibility while its creative freedom alone can cope with 'the vast miscellany of arbitrary and ordained events which constitute the occasions of our experience'. In a consumer society it seeks forms 'to preserve as fundamental truths the values which are otherwise homeless'.

Donoghue's sonorities leave you wonder-

"A stupendous book."
– Christopher Booker, The Spectator

VICTIMS OF YALTA

NIKOLAI TOLSTOY

"Tolstoy writes with restrained passion but total objectivity." *– Julian Amery, The London Evening News*

"A finely-researched and lucidly written book."
– David Floyd, The Daily Telegraph

"A magnificent book which is a worthy setting for a documented record of one of the most disgraceful chapters in our history."
£9.95 *– Edward Crankshaw, The Observer*

Hodder & Stoughton

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing who could be churlish enough to discard a faculty so resourceful and sentient. And this wonderment, of course, he wisely cultivates. Rhetoric, Donoghue knows, wins by making argument unthinkable. He also knows that there's a new tongue in Babel in which talk of imaginative freedom is just loose chat; and to pursue his claims he has learnt it fluently. With structuralists of every bent he's enviably conversant. The faint-hearted will quail before the delegation of continental sages in this section but Donoghue interviews them with impressive poise. Still, his position, he recognises, is that of the Christian apologist after Darwin: much, much will have to be conceded to the new theory but perhaps a divine intention may yet be inserted at some point.

Donoghue's strategy involves some pretty intricate bargaining with structuralists who, while denying that we can take the speaking subject of a work for granted, allow for its continual reconstruction from its linguistic acts. The self in literature, in that case, is neither wholly free nor wholly constrained. Readers already accustomed to thinking of writing as that wrestle with words in which neither poet nor language stays on top may find this poor value for money; and it's hard to share Donoghue's evident satisfaction over his deal with the linguists. Before closing it he might, however, have established if they intend to continue freighting our overloaded lexicon with unwanted terms. If one thing finally defeats imaginative literature it might well be overkill from critics long on terminology and short on penetration and sensitivity.

Neither deficiency afflicts Donoghue's own essays. On *The Waste Land* as an 'American romance' of ruined forms, on time and space in Shakespeare's history, on the morality of sight from Augustan to Romantic perception, and on numerous related themes he writes with exemplary grace, power and critical address. Nor does it greatly harm his thesis that the imaginative values he sees at risk today have never, in a tradition from Wordsworth and Arnold to Eliot and ourselves, seemed secure enough in our culture. Donoghue's book is consciously, though much less gloomily, part of that traditional response. And so sharing its principled estrangement, he also shares its most debatable wisdom: that, the times being what they are, our humanity must make its home in literature, its higher forms and consciousness. Donoghue's tacit assumption that the vital imagination is the literary imagination will appear to some of us as, ironically, the latest instance in a distinguished line of failures to 'imagine forms of feeling not our own'.

If you love words,

you'll love VERBATIM, with its articles, book reviews, and correspondence about the English Language. Send £2.75 for a year's subscription *4 issues* to:

VERBATIM

Laurence Urdang Limited

2a Market Square, Aylesbury, Bucks.

Refund in full if not pleased with first issue

Susannah Clapp

Soft Machines

Little Sisters by FAY WELDON *Hodder & Stoughton* £4.25

The Awakening by KATE CHOPIN introduced by Helen Taylor *Women's Press* £1

Everything in the Garden by ELIZABETH NORTH *Gollanz* £4.75

Strangers by BARBARA EWING *Heinemann* £3.90

Fay Weldon's latest novel is by turns hectoring, funny, astute and artificial. Full of dreadful warnings relating to the 'black pool of desire and destiny' awash in women, it delivers its moral messages with a depersonalised urgency, variously shrinking or swelling its characters into embodiments of fairy-tale oppositions: they are chiefly distinguished by being either old or young, rich or poor, barren or fertile; all use sex for the 'sharing out of privilege'.

The interest of *Little Sisters* lies not in its components but in the cleverness with which these are manoeuvred. An exotically grisly account of Sixties London kookery, in which men wore toupees woven from pubic hair manufacture navel gems and send ugly sisters hurtling from windows, is pitted against a supposedly authentic, non-fantastic story in which a shrivelled millionaire (whose fortune comes from plastic flowerpots) and his crippled wife entertain a balding antique dealer and his luscious young girl friend – planning, amid an abundance of bad taste, to impregnate the girl and acquire an heir.

The first of these tales is presented as a fictional unweaving of the past: a cautionary tale told to the voluptuously nodding young girl who 'blushes and grinds her tiny teeth' while patronised. Its force as moral fable, urging the girl's escape to (presumably) her very own fecundity, is dubious; and, since both narratives interweave the mundane and the bizarre in almost equal proportions, the distinction which labels only the first as fantasy is made (perhaps intentionally) to seem arbitrary. Nevertheless, by providing an alternative version of what in retrospect seems inevitable it makes future escape appear more possible – and this makes the interjections of worldly wisdom, delivered throughout in admonitory present-tense gasps, more palatable because less definitive. Faced with the basically inert ingredients of the main narrative, the exuberant inventiveness of the fantasy becomes a requirement; in using it, Fay Weldon has manufactured a glittering, witty piece of machinery without a centre.

The Awakening provides a more palpitating, though less frantic, account of female trappedness. When it was first published in 1899 it provoked outrage; the introduction to its first British edition proclaims it 'a feminist classic and a masterpiece of American literature'. It is in fact a clear-headed account of a young woman who, having been loved and left by a highly moral young man, sets about first wanting and then procuring her independence from a Creole husband and two spasmodically cared-for children. The major changes in the novel are affected by the heroine with uncanny ease; when her old suitor reappears but proves unable to accept the idea of illicit liaison, she methodically sets out to drown herself.

Though occasionally hectic – vague anguish is orchestrated by a constantly swelling sea and piano chords – the novel is neither strident nor laboured. There is no blaming, and no crude opposition between genteel prudery and liberating sensuality: the Creole community is both more flirtatious and more bound to notions of marital fidelity than the heroine: a 'mother-woman' friend who dedicates her life to interesting pregnancies and the weaving of small 'impervious' garments is described with sympathetic economy, and never allowed to appear merely a fleshy threat. Intermittent torridities, in which fevered lips are pressed to hands after a day at the races, and tendrils of hair toyed with on sofas, are encased in a series of coolly observed scenes. Moving crisply from the heat, parrots and rocking chairs of Grand Isle to a lushly crystalled New Orleans residence, *The Awakening* is not so much suggestive about a common plight as informative about a particular female.

Elizabeth North's story of Dorset village life is, hardly surprisingly, less ambitious and more placid. It is the early Fifties, the time of 'the brassière generation', before myxamatosis and after the First Test, when people listened to interesting plays about Belgium on the wireless, smoothed their perms and dirndls, and scorned or rallied to Civil Defence. *Everything in the Garden* uses such details with seductive point: as time and place become remote by being so attentively pursued, the characters, though granted a nice degree of independent wiliness, also appears period artefacts, snugly cemented into their varieties of pleasure and despondency. The novel centres on Ben, an architect with a war wound and a compulsive effect on women; Win, his wife, who 'never wanted it to start with but . . . usually enjoyed it in the end'; and Joan, who works and yearns for Ben and ends up married to Richard, an articled clerk and nightly jogger. Marriages are wrecked, women weep behind dark glasses, and Joan's hopeful refrain that she 'might go away some day' withers to the certainty that she will be living in Nottingham. But, though degrees of incivility and disagreeableness make their appearance, most nasty events happen offstage. Cosiness is allowed to reign undiminished; but Elizabeth North shows how lovingly it welcomes disappointment.

A less complicated, more wistful description of abandoned hope is provided by Barbara Ewing's first novel. A wide-eyed Australian typist goes to England to be an actress and finds pinched faces on the tube, lots of windows looking on to walls, and a drama school which, inevitably smelling of overcooked cabbage, produces breakdowns, pregnancies and high-pitched gossip. An unpretentious bareness carries parts of *Strangers* along with some ease, but the naïvety of the narrator is insufficiently pointed to allow for consistent sharpness of observation. Amiability is not enough.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Film Books

John Coleman

After Many a Summary

The Penguin Film Review 1946-1949 with an introduction by Roger Manvell *Scolar Press* £20 and £10

It may well be the sign of a frivolity rendered more virulent by the passage of time; it is certainly an indication of changes in personal predilections that have come with hindsight and a lengthier experience of film-going: the truth remains that this eagerly awaited reprint of the nine issues of *The Penguin Film Review*, comprising over 1,000 pages in two handsome volumes, is something of a let-down. The late Sir Michael Balcon brings back the flavour of the period in an article in the very first issue: it was a buoyant time but also one of ration books, newsprint shortage and continuing austerity, so that Allen Lane's audacity in launching a series of film paperbacks was welcome and exciting to the budding cinephile. The editorial board of this new venture, which hoped finally to go monthly but rarely appeared within striking distance of quarterly, was made up of R. K. Neilson Baxter, a technician and committee man of parts, Roger Manvell, the writer and lecturer, and H. H. Wollenberg, a Central European old hand arrived in London after the invasion of Czechoslovakia, with the indefatigable Mr Manvell as executive editor.

It sounded a serious team and speedily recruited a handful of reporters and critics on a fairly steady basis: John Huntley on film music, Nicole Vedrès on aspects of the French cinema, Catherine de la Roche on the Soviet scene. Each number printed a variable clutch of stills, which generally managed to whet the growing appetite for the unseen (if not always bearing a clear relation to the contents); and, with such staple items as Wollenberg's 'Round the World Studios', statistical surveys and Neilson Baxter's book review section as backbone material, along with the further promise of a regular 'Critical Survey' by the relishable Richard Winnington, there was the wherewithal to put flesh on. Nor did the *Review* lack apparent scope or readers: 25,000 copies of each issue were sold and throughout its nearly three-year career it ranged in topics from such arcane affairs as the progress of substandard stock (skippable for the ordinary technical idiot), Eisenstein on the great potential of stereoscopy, and subtractive colour processes, via several discussions of documentary filming, the uses of animation, movies as educational forces, right down – or up, as your private interest may move you – to historical retrospects and philosophical proposals, some of them far from modest in their Olympian *données*. It made a very genuine attempt to cover a wide spectrum and, in most numbers, there must have been at least a couple of pieces for someone.

On the immediate face of it, the editors did a worthy and worthwhile job of sketching in the world scene. Old and new cinemas from Scandinavia, Czechoslovakia, India, Argentina and Mexico all got a look-in. The industry itself was not forgotten in the search for contributors. Cecil Hepworth wrote a charming piece on early days; David Lean chipped in on *Brief Encounter*; and Thorold Dickinson fascinates as always on searching for music for his *Men of Two Worlds* in Africa and on an abortive trip to strife-torn India. Charles Crichton had good things to offer on the making of *Hue and Cry*, and Fritz Lang on 'happy endings'. The list could, of course, be extended, but not indefinitely. It would be unfair, though, not to fit Jacques Brunius in here. His skilled and witty dissection of the rise and decline of an 'avant-garde' is one of the prizes of a collection not notable for distinguished writing.

'Distinctive' might be the better word. There is the obvious danger of indigestion and a resulting lack of charity in attempting to ingurgitate such a quantity of food for thought at a few sittings. What a pity it must seem that Winnington's projected longer surveys disappeared after the first two *Reviews*. His opening sentence ran: 'The half-centenary of the cinema came in a flood of bad films.' He was not about to be bland. Elsewhere, there is a ubiquitous trend towards the turgid or merely mouthing, as if space had to be filled at all costs. Sometimes, this resolves into marbled pieties about the future of Film if only we all pull together in one direction or another. At other times, we have the repetitious rehearsal of facts surely absorbed as mother's milk by the prospective reader: 'The film is a new art form depending for its existence upon a mechanical invention.' One sighs for a little freshness, a little humour. One also sighs for more specific and detailed criticism of single directors, single films. Apart from work already mentioned, done by creators themselves, all that comes immediately to mind is a general obituary

Among this week's contributors:

PHILIP FRENCH's revised *Westerns* was published last year by Secker & Warburg.

HAROLD BEAVER is the author of *American Critical Essays* and two novels, *The Confessions of Jotham Simiyu* and *Pardoner's Tale*.

ZAHIR JAMAL teaches English at the University of Nottingham.

EDOUARD PYGGE was for a short time one of the leading *auteurs* of the French postwar cinema; he also collaborated for a brief period on the recent *Bad News Bears*.

Year Book of Labour Statistics, 1977

This 37th edition of one of the world's leading statistical reference works brings together in systematic and comparable form a mass of data from a vast network of authoritative sources of information in some 190 countries. It presents information for the last ten years, including in many instances data for the first six months of 1977.

"The most complete work of its kind published" — (Wall Street Journal, New York) xxvii + 909 pages (hard cover)

ISBN 92-2-001859-4 **£21.10**

Social and Labour Bulletin

Highlights new approaches to problems common to many countries, i.e.: labour legislation (including drafts of proposed legislation involving significant innovations); distribution of incomes; labour relations; major collective agreements, employment policies; conditions of work; social security; occupational safety and health; women workers; equality of opportunity and treatment; migrant workers; vocational training; rural development and co-operatives.

4 issues and annual index by subject and country
Annual subscription (1978): £6.65

International Labour Review

Publishes articles, comparative studies and original research reports on employment and unemployment, inflation and living standards, wages and other conditions of work, industrial relations, workers' participation and collective bargaining, occupational safety and health, etc., by scholars and practitioners of outstanding merit from all countries as well as by the international staff of the ILO.

Annual subscription (1978): **£8.90**

Teachers' pay

Drawing on material relating to the public sector of education in over 700 countries, this new study examines in a world-wide context teachers' pay and the purchasing power of teachers' earnings.

ISBN 92-2-101862-8 **£3.35**

Management of working time in industrialised countries

Main documents of an ILO Symposium on Arrangement of Working Time and Social Problems connected with Shift Work in Industrialised Countries (Geneva, 3-11 May, 1977).

Based on a recent symposium, this book aims to identify the main problems arising in connection with various forms of arrangement of working and to throw more light on the health, personal, family, social and occupational effects of shift work.

ISBN 92-2-101858-X **£3.90**

The determinants of labour force participation in Yugoslavia

by M. Rasevic, T. Mulina, M. Macura

A study carried out for the ILO's World Employment Programme at the Economic Institute, Belgrade.

This major country study surveys general economic, social and demographic trends in Yugoslavia, 1953-1971. It describes changes in the rate of economic activity of the population over the period, examines the marital and educational characteristics of the population in relation to economic activity and describes the influence of development and employment policies on labour force participation rates.

ISBN 92-2-101900-4 **£5.55**

INTERNATIONAL LABOUR OFFICE

ILO Branch Office
87/91 New Bond Street
London W1Y 9LA.
Tel: 01-499 2084

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appreciation of Eisenstein, articles on Capra and Lubitsch and Lang's German films (this last by Lotte Eisner), a zany fan letter to the Marx Brothers; plus three separate reviews – of *Monsieur Verdoux*, of Olivier's *Hamlet*, and of *Paisa* and its English critics – all from Mr Manvell's quill.

And, when it comes to citing examples of fine movies, how direly of a mind most of the contributors were: several of our war ones, *Brief Encounter* (the absolute tops), *Lost Weekend*, *The Best Years of Our Lives*, *Crossfire*, and *Rome, Open City* (ascribed once to Alberto Rossellini and once to Aldo Fabrizi before they started reading the news correctly). It may, in fact, be putting a false emphasis to have included three US films in that short list; because if there is one extraordinary bias likely to strike today's browser it is the persistent anti-Americanism. Where *Sequence* and *Sight and Sound* were to come to praise such directors as Ford and Hawks, who had, God knows, the odd useful picture to their names, you will find exactly one reference to Ford in the index (and that simply refers to a Winnington litany) while Hawks fails to figure at all. Some of us, it seems, emerged from the war a mite self-satisfied.

That the British film industry was still at the crossroads during this period was, however, recognised – in the same pungent words – by several writers. One doubts if anyone then foresaw that attendances of around 27m. a week would slump to less than a twentieth of that by 1978. Thirty years on, one might end by noting a few, a very few prognostications and observations that thrum contemporary chords. A necessary increase in the number of specialised cinemas was hinted at. TV only really came into the argument with relation to the banality and inadequacy of our weekly newsreels: it was seen how its immediacy might either force a reappraisal or, at incredible worst, a junking of them. Both E. Arnot Robertson and Catherine de la Roche ('That "Feminine" Angle') were sharpish about the unnatural role women continued to have foisted on them in a way that gently adumbrates the fiercer, more pursued recent studies by such as Molly Haskell and Marjorie Rosen. Nicole Vedrès was very astute ('It's Typically French') about a phenomenon that goes on bothering me today: she took her rural example from Pagnol and her urban one from Sacha Guitry, but we have had our own French-for-export imports in fair measure since then. And the late, lamented Ernest Lindgren described some wonderful archivist's dreams, more of which have been implemented in part than he might ever have imagined.

Philip French

Bland Man's Buff

Halliwell's Filmgoer's Companion by LESLIE HALLIWELL *Hart-Davis, MacGibbon* £10
Halliwell's Film Guide by LESLIE HALLIWELL *Hart-Davis, MacGibbon* £12.50

I doubt if anyone writing on the movies hasn't got Halliwell's *Filmgoer's Companion* near his desk. Of the 500-odd film books in my study it's the one I consult most often. This first edition appeared in 1965, costing 45s. and dedicated 'with affection to C. K. Dexter Haven, James Blandings, Elwood P. Dowd, Floyd Thursby, Walter Parks Thatcher, Wolf J. Flywheel, Carl Denham, Sheridan Whiteside, Saul Femm, Mahatma Kane Jeeves . . . wherever they may be'. The second edition two years later was twice as long, cost 63s., dropped from the list of dedicatees the name of Mahatma Kane Jeeves and added to it Joseph Tura, Longfellow Deeds, Laura Jesson, Ahmed Ben Hassan, Rudolf Rassendyll, Lawrence Talbot, Jakie Rabinowitz, Edythe Van Hopper, Waldo Lydecker, Philip Marlowe, Theo Kretschmar-Schuldorff, Max Corkle, Dr Ludovic Praetorius, Lola Frohlich, Emily Kockenlocker, Mr Laurel and Mr Hardy. By the third edition in 1970, the *Companion* (now £5) had become an institution, though the author had not yet joined Old Moore and Whitaker and got his name into the title. However, a picture of Halliwell (a dead ringer for Alan Whicker) appeared on the jacket instead of Laurel and Hardy, and a three-page key was added to explain to his enlarged constituency just who the people named in the dedication are.

Now for its sixth edition Laurel and Hardy are back on the cover; Halliwell's image has disappeared; in a new dedication consisting wholly of screen villains only Saul Femm (of *The Old Dark House*) and Waldo Lydecker (from *Laura*) survive; and the book marches in double columns with numerous illustrations, mostly contemporary posters. Starting out as a terse factual aide for TV viewers (and in its first version packed with errors and omissions), the book has expanded into an invaluable grab-bag of information, curiosities and random rubrics. While individual entries have been enriched along the way (e.g. Anthony Newley, after being 'British actor, composer, singer, comedian' for three editions, is now 'Versatile but dislikeable British actor, composer, singer, comedian') and many films and filmmakers added, most pages now contain items that no one would look up in a reference book but are irresistible once stumbled across. 'Parties', 'Uncredited Performances', 'the Hardy Family', for instance, or more seriously 'Anti-semitism' and 'Incest'.

Leslie Halliwell's writings are a by-product of his work as a cinema manager, Rank publicity man and latterly purchaser of films for ITV. He isn't a scholar, critic or cinéaste, but rather a movie buff, a man who knows the credits of everything and the value of very little. His only intellectually demanding work is the paperback *Halliwell's Movie Quiz*, the most exciting quiz book of its kind. He has now, however, unwisely decided to advance into the area of criticism and revaluation for which his talents are ill-suited. Whereas his *Companion* scarcely invites comparison with large-scale reference works like Manvell and Jacobs's *International Encyclopaedia of Film*, his expensive *Film Guide* comes in the wake of various American paperbacks offering capsule comments on thousands of movies at a tenth the price.

With an appalling cultural insularity, Halliwell restricts himself to English-speaking pictures of the sound era, some 8,000 of them, for which he provides the basic credits, brief plot synopsis, a line of comment, a star-rating, and in some cases what his blurb-writer calls 'witty excerpts from critical reviews'. A few hours with the book suggests that the credits are, give or take the odd typographical error, fairly accurate (though the omission of Terence Young's name as co-director of *Storm over the Nile* might lead junior critics astray later this month when the latest re-make of *The Four Feathers* is screened). But there is in the book scarcely a single arresting opinion from Halliwell or an illuminating one quoted. We see nothing here of that elegant epigrammatic quality that Andrew Sarris brought to his *American Directors* or the idiosyncratic opinions that make David Thomson's *Biographical Dictionary of the Cinema* so provocative.

Why, for instance, quote Pauline Kael's commonplace observation on *Gunga Din* ('One of the most enjoyable nonsense-adventure movies of all time') when he could quote Brecht's incisive, quirky tribute? Why write of *England Made Me* that it's 'somewhat altered from the novel' rather than 'transposed from Sweden to Nazi Germany'? And wouldn't it have been useful to point out that Greene himself rates the adaptation highly? Halliwell would have been well advised to pay heed to Harold Ross's wise counsel to *New Yorker* writers – 'Be funny, and if you can't be funny, be interesting.' One never wants to argue with his views – they're so dull and conventional in both content and expression. But let us take one example, Anthony Mann's *Man of the West*, one of the best Westerns ever made and especially notable for its expressive use of locations. Halliwell finds it unworthy of a single star, and comments: 'Talkative, set-bound, cliché-ridden star western with minor compensations.' This is, as they say, his opinion (though he claims to be giving 'an amalgam of the general view'), but how does it compare for insight with Andrew Sarris's comment:

> Mann's visual style is the American style which most closely resembles that of Antonioni in the liberal progression through landscape from the vegetable to the mineral world as in *Man of the West* and *Il Grido* down to the ultimate decadence of *El Cid* and *L'Eclisse*.

And how much less engaging is Halliwell's guide than George Sadoul's inexpensive paperback *Dictionnaire de Films*, where a crisp summary of *Man of the West* is followed by Jean-Luc Godard's eloquent observation:

> Je n'ai jamais rien vu d'aussi neuf depuis Griffith. Anthony Mann ré-invente le western

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

comme le crayon de Matisse, le trait de Piero della Francesca. Le visage amorphe de Gary Cooper appartient, dans 'L'Homme de l'Ouest', au règne minéral. C'est la preuve qu'Anthony Mann retourne aux vérités premières.

I'm afraid, however, that Godard's remarks would give Halliwell apoplexy. Large claims for the cinema as art – and for film criticism as a serious discipline – are anathema to him. His chosen critical instrument is the scythe, which he uses to reduce films as different as *Citizen Kane*, *Psycho* and *Five Easy Pieces* to a uniform uncomplicated shape. In 'Decline and Fall of the Movie' he characterises himself as 'the best kind of movie buff', though he sounds more like a choleric colonel writing to the *Telegraph* as he sets about the corrupters of the cinema in a style that combines the worst of both Whitehouse and Milhous. Distributors, 'long-haired publications like *Sight and Sound*', libertarians, pornographers, producers, realists, fantasists, audiences, television, self-expressionists, moneymen, are variously adduced as part of a global conspiracy to destroy the cinema Halliwell loves. It is sad to see someone so confused by his anger and so angered by his confusion.

Edouard Pygge

C'est du Cinéma

Notes on Cinematography by ROBERT BRESSON translated by Jonathan Griffin *Pluto Press* £4 and £1.50

It must be 30 years ago now, but it comes back to me still, with all the richness and colour of cherished experience. A whiff of *couscous* from some stray back kitchen, the boughy tang of a home-made *calvados*, or even (more sentimentally, I admit, but then is not a measure of courage the willingness to confront one's own sentimentality?) Charles Trenet lilting his way through a fanciful snatch of courtship – any of these, and I am back in the Paris of the late Forties, at the *Bar des 4 z'arts* in the rue Charlot, just behind the Archives Nationales. Few of us regulars would have guessed then that we, in our turn, might contribute to the estimable local collections preserved there for the reference of posterity.

There were four of us: myself, Jean-Luc, le petit François and le grand Bob (as we christened him after spotting his resemblance to a gaunt cattle-baron in an Anthony Mann western). Jean-Luc and François were still only kids. François had the sad, liquid eyes of an orphan, while Jean-Luc was more spirited and unpredictable: together they would stare at the espresso machine, thinking how it would look even more beautiful in a film. Sometimes others would drop by: a farouche Boris Vian, trying to sell copies of *J'Irai cracher sur vos tombes* to respectable drinkers; Jacques Prévert; Cocteau (an old friend of Bob's); Marie Casarès; Camus was always promising to come, but lived at the other end of Paris and felt the Metro system was absurd. Often, in one corner, there would sit a fat gorilla of a youth, strumming maladroitly on a guitar and growling to himself; he did not yet have the confidence to try the music-halls. Two years later he cut his first disc, and the world knew Georges Brassens.

One day in 1948, Bob – despite the success of *Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne* – was deeply troubled. How could he establish himself as a serious film-maker and a real intellectual? François suggested making films with tenderness and humour (*tendresse et humour*, he murmured mournfully, his eyes filling with tears); while Jean-Luc suggested anarchy and violence, and making lots of films cheaply, so that some would be bound to succeed. But this wasn't Bob's *métier*. I told him, 'Be yourself. Be simple. Be austere, yet fierce. Above all, make notes'. 'Make notes?' replied Bob incredulously, 'whatever for?' 'The artist who produces a philosophy of his art', I told him, 'is always taken more seriously. Besides, in 20 years there may be film schools, film scholarships, film fellowships . . . Why not lay down the wine now?' 'But what do I put?' Bob asked, still unconvinced. 'Anything you like; it doesn't have to refer to your films. Call them working notes: if they don't make any sense, people will think they relate to some abandoned project. But you must keep them short. With a bit of luck, someone will call you the La Rochefoucauld of the cinema.'

We borrowed a *carnet de notes* from Jean-Luc's satchel (he was, technically, still trying for his *bacho*) and set to work. 'Some general statement of position is called for,' I told Bob, 'something humble and yet confident.' He sucked on his *vin blanc cassis* for a moment and spoke gravely:

> Rid myself of the accumulated errors and untruths. Get to know my resources, make sure of them.

'Excellent,' I said, 'vague, yet somehow grand. Now, Jean-Luc' (he was our scribe) 'put a little square box between that *pensée* – as I think we can call it – and the next. Now we need something which refers to the first one, but is more paradoxical. Try this:

> The faculty of using my resources well diminishes when their number grows.'

'Thanks, Edouard. By the way, Jean-Luc, put things in capitals occasionally, will you – it makes them seem more important.'

So we toiled, while the saucers mounted on the table and the bills piled up like damp confetti. At times, inspiration seemed to run out and we were left with transient phrases – 'Passionate for the appropriate', 'Empty the pond to get the fish', 'Not artful but agile', 'The terrible habit of theatre', 'Nothing too much, nothing deficient', 'The *collocazione* of the images and sounds' (Jean-Luc had been to Rimini for a holiday) – but we stuck them down just the same. If we dried up, we had a neat way of getting going again. One of us would quote something famous by someone else, and we'd twist it into something fresh. So we came up with 'Not to use two violins when one is enough', with an elegant footnote referring to Vivaldi and a stab at the original Italian which we could check later. Most of all, what we aimed for was a sort of brusque, manly paradox. THE SOUNDTRACK INVENTED SILENCE we were particularly pleased with, and awarded it capitals. About this time I remember François asking Bob what he'd do if he were shooting in the open and the birds were making a lot of noise: would he wait, or perhaps redub in the studio? 'I'd send men with guns to blast them out of the sky,' he quipped. How we all laughed!

When we had finished, Bob wanted to rush off to a publisher straight away. I restrained him, then helped him break up our manuscript into two sections, 1950-58 and 1960-74, with a teasing two-year gap in the middle. That way, he wouldn't have to write anything for years. As he was glancing lovingly through it, the waitress came by and looked over his shoulder. She read a few lines and was not impressed. 'Mais, c'est du cinéma, ça,' she exclaimed scornfully, and couldn't understand our burst of laughter. 'Exactement!' we cried in unison. After she'd gone away, a dreamy look came into Bob's eyes. 'I suppose one day,' he mused, 'we could even have all this translated into English?' 'Why not,' I replied, 'though you should try to get a rather stilted translator. That way they'll think you're even more serious.' 'Do you think it'll sell?' 'I'm sure you'll do well in America,' I replied. 'England?' he asked carelessly. 'On ne peut pas les gagner tous,' I answered. 'I wonder how they say that over there?'

FILM BOOKS FROM

YOSELOFF/TANTIVY

THE CINEMA OF JOHN HUSTON by Gerald Pratley. In-depth study based on taped interviews. Many rare illustrations. £6.00

HOLLYWOOD RENAISSANCE, by Diane Jacobs. Focus on Scorsese, Cassavetes, Coppola, Altman, Mazursky, etc. £6.50

JEAN COCTEAU AND HIS FILMS OF ORPHIC IDENTITY, by Arthur B. Evans. Fascinating analysis of the man and his films. £6.50

DARK DREAMS, by Charles Derry. Thoroughly explores the *genre* of later horror films, from *Psycho* to *Jaws*. £8.50

THE CINEMA OF FEDERICO FELLINI, by Stuart Rosenthal. Brilliant analysis, intelligently illustrated. £5.50

THE SAMURAI FILM, by Alain Silver. Comprehensive study of the *genre*, and works of Kurosawa, Kobayashi, Mizoguchi, and Gosha. £6.50

WORLD FILMOGRAPHY 1967 and **1968**, edited by Peter Cowie. First two volumes in this major series. Write now for further information. (each vol.) £20.00

Write for our complete catalogue of over 120 film titles in print

THOMAS YOSELOFF LIMITED/ THE TANTIVY PRESS

136 Tooley Street, London SE1 2TT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harold Beaver

Rear Window

America in the Dark: Hollywood and the Gift of Unreality by DAVID THOMSON *Hutchinson* £5.95

From earliest childhood David Thomson haunted the Odeons of South London. Born in 1941, he belongs to the last generation for whom Hollywood remained the supreme cloud-cuckooland. Yet one novel oddly escaped him. It is missing even from a bibliography that includes Scott Fitzgerald, Gavin Lambert, Norman Mailer, Gore Vidal and Nathanael West: Walker Percy's *The Moviegoer* (1963).

It is a key novel. Its hero, adrift on fantasy – absorbed in his dark, imaginative quest from downtown Roxy to Tivoli, from Loews to suburban Bijou – is more pertinent to *America in the Dark* than any product (in film or fiction) of the dream factory. For Percy's hero, though rooted in Louisiana, is its passive consumer. His impotence, his role-playing, his self-destructive irony are all related to Hollywood. 'I am attracted to movie stars,' he admits, 'but not for the usual reasons. I have no desire to speak to Holden or get his autograph. It is their peculiar reality which astounds me.'

David Thomson, too, was moved by that 'peculiar reality' which drew him at last across the Atlantic. His had been an education in the oldest American tradition – that of wonder. He does his best to analyse that peculiar vision, that wonder, by roving across the whole history of Hollywood from *The Birth of a Nation* to *All the President's Men*. But he remains less concerned with public action than private reaction; less with the studios than today's college students; less with the *auteurs* than the *voyeurs*.

The first part of his education culminated in Alfred Hitchcock's *Rear Window*:

> For the first time, I realised that seeing and being seen were the subject of movies as well as the mode . . . The spectator is required for the melodrama to function; his credulousness sustains it; the movies are a trap for the voyeur.

The celluloid world, though visible, is inaccessible. That is its thrill and torment. Like photographers with a telescopic lens, we are all conscripted as spies, as peeping toms. Again and again the camera closes in. Furtively we study the actor's person. Studiously the actor pretends the camera is not there; he never stares back. Scott Fitzgerald's Monroe Stahr, in *The Last Tycoon*, well understood this melodramatic art: this 'furtive, privileged inspection of people under stress'.

Peculiar to Hollywood was the packaging and marketing of such voyeuristic fantasies as self-realisation. Hollywood's job was to tell stories and sell stories. Its aim was not so much life as art: a perfectly integrated system of signs (of cuts, close-ups, slow dissolves, flashbacks) to explore its own developing form. Yet all experience was apparently subsumed under its various conventions: situation comedy, screwball comedy, horror, thriller, gangster, women's pic, film *noir*, epic, biblical, western, costume, adventure. As Irving Thalberg (Monroe Stahr's original) wrote of what in 1929 he still called 'photoplays':

> Other arts generally appeal to a selected group, but the motion picture art, and it is an art, must have universal appeal. This is fundamental, for the motion picture industry, with its investment of hundreds of millions of dollars, is based on the hope that it will appeal to the people of a nation and of a world . . .

If all actors were furtive artists, however, all artists (by the same Hollywood canon) were furtive actors. That is the essence of Cornel Wilde as Chopin, Paul Muni as Zola, or Kirk Douglas as Van Gogh. This is fundamental to Orson Welles's career, down to his punning take-over by radio of H. G. Wells's *The War of the Worlds* (1938). Hollywood could even upstage traditional art with its own ever more vociferous populist assertions. As Mervyn Le Roy put it in *Hard to Handle*:

> *The Blue Boy* is a beautiful picture, but comparatively few people have seen it. The *Mona Lisa* is one of the greatest pictures the world has ever known, but more people have seen Lana Turner. My answer to that is: People want entertainment. If the Blue Boy sang like Jolson, they'd go to see him. Or if Mona Lisa looked like Hedy Lamarr, more people would go to the Louvre.

But the viewer, as voyeur, remains basically an outsider – more than that, a victim. The 'cut' is not only syntactic, as a point of transition, Thomson argues, but a metaphor of severance, of irrational wounding, of ruthless intrusion. The audience lies helplessly exposed. The projector moves in to attack like the hand (at the opening of Luis Buñuel's *Un Chien Andalou*) that draws back the eyelid, like the razor slicing through the eyeball. Yet such cut-ups inevitably 'touch us without making real connections'. The moviegoer plays his role of unsatisfied eunuch full of furtive self-pity. It is the price of entry. That is the troubling message of David Thomson's book: his passion for films, as he puts it, only lately tempered by a compassion for the society that has been made by them. In darkness alone can such imagery pierce our defences.

I have reconstructed an argument which never quite emerges and is never confronted: that the cinema leaves its victims paradoxically 'more lonely, more anxious, more insecure, and more imaginatively alienated' than they might have been; that the distinctive effect of film (as opposed to fiction) on its addicts is 'an increasing inability to believe in the reality of others'. It was very discerning of cinema managers, Thomson adds, 'to admit viewers at any place in a film, for nothing so clarified its resemblance to a wheel slowly revolving, or the way in which all sections of a wheel are alike'. But film, after all, is not a *perpetuum mobile*. Nor are filmgoers so many Ixions revolving on their self-appointed wheels.

Both in psychological and literary terms David Thomson has bitten off rather more than he can chew. His introductory distinction between high art and the cinema is a vulgar parody of late 19th-century aestheticism. The flamboyant aside, disarmed by a 'perhaps', is the hallmark of his style. He moves by flashes, one minute contrasting Dickens and Joyce (on some ready reckoner of technological breakthrough) the next linking Dickens and Dashiell Hammett (on some graph-like popularity curve). His grasp of the American tradition seems limited to what Philip Rahv once labelled as the 'redskin'. The result – part autobiography, part film history – makes for an enjoyable romp with many sparks flying. But as Bette Davis remarked in *Hush Hush . . . Sweet Charlotte*: 'it only works in the dark.'

BEHIND THE SCENES IN EVERY WAY!
Kenneth Eastaugh
Published 23 February £4.95
David & Charles · Newton Abbot · Devon

This English

The dangler continues to be your most popular butt. It is certainly nice to know that we are getting the full weight of Mr Alan Forrest writing in his capacity as 'an example of teaching literature'. Two more of these ghastly items are followed by a couple of misuses (one very popular already, the other new to us) and a marvellous solecism carefully preserved by the Guardian subs. Prizes: £3 book token for the first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard (and please be precise with your attributions).

☐ 'Oh, never mind that, girl', the teacher said. 'You're not going to get a question about that in the exam.' And that was that. As an example of teaching literature, I would rather trust my kid to almost any comprehensive school I can think of. **Alan Forrest**, *Books & Bookmen* (Siasp Kotavala).

☐ Whistling the 'Marseillaise', his enormous paint-stained hands stuck purposefully into the pockets of his great coat which bulges like a bivouac over his dropsical paunch, I can see Courbet now. **Stephen Bayley**, *Listener* (E. Jenkins).

☐ Pride of place must go, however, to Tavener Rutledge's marshmallow shapes of R2D2, C3PO and Darth Vader retailed at 3p each. In pale yellow, only the least discriminating of my colleagues managed more than one. **Prufock**, *Sunday Times* (Mrs F. Kirkman).

☐ In contrast, ATV, with its massive and much-boasted-of profits, is strangely reticent to invest in things new, let alone interesting **Peter Buckman**, *Listener* (Mrs K. Macintyre)

☐ As a useful and energetic chief executive for the Isle of Anglesey, the late Peredur Lloyd brought to his job a distinctive style and verve which were refreshing and enervating. *Liverpool Daily Post* (Gwyn Neale).

☐ If any punks are reading this, I would advise them to begin now in developing some taste and tact. After all, the worst punk to be is a punk whose been left behind, drowning in his washed-up 'new wave'. Eh, what? **Elaine Baker**, *Guardian* Letters (G. A. Robinson).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

John Spurling

Storm in a Fur Teacup

Dada and Surrealism Reviewed *Hayward Gallery*

On the 1929 Surrealist map of the world Britain appears as a small comma between Ireland and Germany (which, in the absence of France, contains Paris). Surrealism came late to London and was subtly anglicised when it did come – for example, there was no proper sectarianism between surrealists and avant-gardistes of other persuasions, and the *objets trouvés* used by British artists tended to be from the beach rather than the junk-shop. Not until 1940, when the continental founding fathers were being scattered by a Germany which really did contain Paris, was there a thoroughly organised group of British surrealists or an exclusively surrealist magazine in Britain. It seems fitting, therefore, that with the immense, scholarly exhibition at the Hayward the despised comma should serve as Surrealism's impassively meticulous undertaker.

It is also fitting that the long-delayed catalogue should turn out to be slightly larger than a volume of the London telephone directory (which it closely resembles), since the catalogue is the heart of the matter and the exhibition its appendage. Here in print, in the shape of 17 detailed essays on the various Dada and Surrealist magazines (plus summaries of the principal contents of every issue), is laid out the history and doctrine of what David Sylvester, the exhibition committee's chairman, calls religions rather than art movements. There in the gallery, distributed into 17 labyrinthine chambers, each entered past a curving montage of material from the relevant magazines, are the votive objects contributed to the two cults by their subscribers.

Apollinaire, tutelary genius of the cults and coiner of the word 'surrealism', did not discriminate between '-isms': he was a doughty champion of new painting of all kinds. Dada, dedicated to the destruction through ridicule of the whole culture which it held responsible for the first world war, was logically also dedicated to its own destruction, so that its objects were never intended to survive. Surrealism, on the other hand, which proposed a serious revolution based at first on Marx and Freud (though both later came to seem too tarnished with rationalism), offered itself as the alternative culture, with the result that its objects assumed a special importance. Georges Bataille, Surrealism's 'old enemy from within', actually attacked it in 1946 for putting works before life. André Breton, its high priest, began by being uncertain of what part, if any, objects might play in his revolution, but was ready by 1928 to challenge the schismatic Pierre Naville's view that 'there is no such thing as *surrealist painting*'. He admitted, however, that it was a 'lamentable expedient' and discriminated narrowly on doctrinal grounds, quarrelling with Magritte because Magritte's wife wore a crucifix to a surrealist reunion, and excommunicating Max Ernst for accepting the Grand Prix at the Paris Biennale.

Granted, then, that the organisers of the exhibition have got things the right way round, that the twin faiths of Dadaism and Surrealism, expressed through their magazines, are the true subjects of the obsequy and the objects on display merely by-products or relics, the visitor who is not one of the faithful is in something of a dilemma. Is he to play scholar with the catalogue or connoisseur with the objects as works of art – both activities being likely to infuriate the shade of Breton, who wanted surrealist objects to disorientate the spectator and provoke a response from the unconscious rather than the intelligence? The obvious course would be to suffer a temporary conversion, to learn from the catalogue what is expected of a surrealist and submit oneself to the mysteries enshrined in the objects.

But too much water has gone under the bridge. As Malcolm Haslam's useful if clumsily written new book, *The Real World of the Surrealists* (Weidenfeld £12.50), makes clear, Dada and Surrealism grew out of their historical circumstances; they were protest movements, parasitic for much of their energy on the established culture they attacked. Removed from its context, the mere protest is apt to seem narcissistic, facile and fragmentary. In their efforts to achieve complete renewal from within themselves the Surrealists co-opted support from as many neglected or outlawed strands of alternative culture as they could: Oceanic and Amerindian carvings, Arcimboldo's paintings of heads made out of fruit and vegetables, occultism, eroticism, De Sade, Lautréamont, Lewis Carroll, gothicism, the art of children, naifs and the insane. However, the Surrealists never succeeded in welding these heterogeneous troops into one grand army of revolt; seen in retrospect their own attempt has merely become another such strand, many of its objects having a slightly pathetic, antiquarian air, the desiccated remnants of our grandfathers' obsessions, musty more than mysterious.

Suppose then that one approaches the show as an empty church, Larkin-fashion in cycle-clips: 'And what remains when disbelief has gone?' Dada, like the Cheshire Cat, has left little behind it except the nihilistic grin – its element of anger developed in the socio-political satire of the Berlin Dadaists such as Grosz and Heartfield, its element of withdrawal into childhood remembered in the small, jewelled fantasies of Klee and the rubbish-collages of Schwitters, apotheoses of the schoolboy's pocket. To Dada also belong the art-jokes that still survive: Duchamp's urinal and bearded Mona Lisa, Oppenheim's fur teacup, Picabia's humanoid machines. As for the Surrealists, it is odd – considering that they went out to tap the unconscious, to harness dreams and colonise the primitive – how drily intellectual their objects often are. André Masson's automatic drawings have about as much urgent information to impart as the scribbles of a planchette; his painting *Massacre* strives violently to convey strife but scarcely even suggests movement. Magritte's wearily executed conjuring-tricks with appearances – a face turned into a naked torso, a painter's canvas into a landscape – don't question reality or even the tradition of realism so much as record the sterility of his own imagination. You ask for magic and he glumly pulls out another false bottom. Dali offers a momentary frisson: here perhaps are the genuine terrors and desires of the psyche expressed in the visual language of the chocolate-box. But that's just where the disappointment sets in, since the paintings are so polished and polished off that whatever depths Dali may originally have explored in himself can only be experienced by the spectator as show-business – a calculated horror-movie more offensive for its posturing triviality than its revelation of the unthinkable.

Still, what Dali throws away, Tanguy goes some way to recover. Small, soft, biomorphic forms cast their shadows over a hard, flat desert; a sky made of horizontal layers of shimmering atmosphere partly reflects, partly reconstitutes the desert, walling off the forms at the horizon, eliminating them by implication. Tanguy's voyages into the unconscious are limited and repetitive – he knows only the one place to take you – but they are intense experiences and certainly 'marvellous' (Breton's criterion for beauty, as Apollinaire's was surprise), the planetary extensions of De Chirico's eerie encounters with cities.

The one major painter who was also a thorough-going, long-serving Surrealist is Max Ernst. Freudian symbols, incongruities, metamorphoses, collages with ready-made images, automatism of various kinds (including *frottage* and *grattage*), eroticism, private and political nightmares – he tried them all. He crops up almost everywhere in the exhibition – a Dadaist in Cologne, an early Surrealist in Paris, a refugee in New York, in Paris again after the second world war. Yet his work, like Dali's, seems continually to be at odds with itself, for the opposite reason. Ernst's technique is as fresh, adventurous and stimulating as Dali's is slick and dispiriting; it is Ernst's programme that's wrong. He feels obliged to delve conscientiously into the unconscious, but what really moves him is the mystery of the visible world, its textures, lights and forms. Perhaps he should never have tangled with Surrealism if he could not, like all the best artists in the show – Miro, Picasso, Moore, Gorky, Nash, Burra, Klee, Schwitters – take what he wanted from it and go his own way. Scholarship and the revolution of the unconscious apart, if Surrealism can be seen as anything but a small comma in the history of art it is only because so many large ships passed it in the night.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rock Music

Mark Kidel

Safety Pins

Punk, and its stomping celebration, the pogo, have rapidly crystallised into history. The bizarre cult – so odd it could have been invented by an sf writer of the decadent school – may have been a shade less ephemeral than the calypso or the twist, but, like the other cultural artefacts of our time, it was born so self-consciously that it immediately shot from the world of experience into the much cooler realm of ideas. Paradoxically, the 'underground' has become the acknowledged and almost exclusive source of 'new things', the avant-garde supplying an endless stream of fashions to the ever-anxious salesmen of the high street. Punk turned into product within weeks of its birth.

The true vitality of the safety-pin movement faded as fast as it emerged: the Sex Pistols, the most ardent flag-wavers of the 'blank' generation, have faced a crisis which duplicates so many earlier pop careers and split up. Rock history has shown that success and the lure of big money threaten the tenuous links which hold a band together. The break-up of the Pistols clearly reflects the creeping and inevitable *embourgeoisement* of the new wave.

In the early days, before it was seized on by the mind-cultivators, punk reflected a genuine and much broader revolt against the standardisation and emasculation of rock culture. There was an understandable disillusionment with the music business, dedicated as it has always been to the maximisation of profit rather than the promotion of teenage rebellion. The promise of the Sixties, to those trapped in the treadmill of the city, now had a bitter taste. Rock'n'roll, once perceived as indispensable fuel for the revolution, had been pasteurised beyond potency, transformed, for all its decibels, laser beams and stage antics, into a kind of muzak, dispensed in enormous and impersonal arenas. Many of the veterans, most particularly Pete Townshend of The Who, recognised the problem, agonising over the gap that had grown between the stars and their fans.

Unlike the hippie movement, which had turned against the excesses of late industrial materialism and the tragic illusions of the rat-race with an optimistic smile, the punk-rockers were full of rage, barking with desperation at an apparently hopeless world. They could offer no alternatives, only a context in which the anger and frustration brought on by the new age of structural unemployment could be exorcised, the pogo leaps releasing a weekly fraction at least of their bottled-up energy. The movement away from soft-rock homogeneity also led to the very healthy appearance of a large number of tiny record companies all over the country, many of them producing singles only. The new labels were run by fans rather than aspiring tycoons, people who were passionate about good music and willing to take risks: the music was returning to the streets, and new talent was being given a chance to emerge at a much faster rate than the ponderous dinosaurs like EMI or CBS could ever have allowed.

The establishment did not wait for long, however: initial suspicion, fed by the Sex Pistols' stormy relationship with EMI and A&M, gave way to a mad, sycophantic and highly competitive scramble for punk talent. The credibility lag closed and suddenly it became impossible for aspiring bands to do anything else but crop their hair and play fast and furious for a contract. Talented old-wavers like Kokomo and the Kursaal Flyers found gigs increasingly hard to come by and, faced with the choice between a refurbished image or obscurity, decided to call it a day.

Punk, by becoming pure product, lost much of its impetus, the sound ground down to a formula, the spitting and poses ritualised. The revolt had been absorbed by the very forces against which it had sprung up, and used to increase the same profits that had originally created the gap between musicians and the street. The best bands – and with groups like XTC and Magazine the new wave has thrown up some very creditable music – have inevitably been sucked into the rockbiz maelstrom: success, whatever its risks, is still the most haunting attraction of all rock dreams, and when it comes to advances the small independents just cannot compete. An excellent group like Radio Stars, ignored by the whole business a year ago, and eventually signed by Chiswick (one of the liveliest of the guerilla companies), are now among the hottest propositions around. But there is little hope that they will stay with Chiswick for long: in the rock world, small may sound beautiful, but it does not make much financial sense. A year ago, the new wave looked to many as though it might provide a lasting antidote to the gradual drift towards homogeneity. The obsession with form and style, however, encouraged by the media's lust for categorisation and the large companies' demand for pigeon-hole product, has created a school of rock as predictable and prepackaged as the worst examples of disco fodder. The original vigour – vestiges of which can still be felt – has got lost in the irresistible forces of the selling process.

The aggro and decadence displayed on and off stage are as much a play to the gallery as any of the political demonstrations aimed at news cameras. They are about as spontaneous as a TV commercial. Our culture, the 'société du spectacle' as the situationists called it, defuses protest and revolt by pre-packaging it out of the field of direct experience. The punks are not the first to have been disarmed in this way: the Dadaists and Surrealists, once so radically opposed to the museums and galleries, have suffered the same fate, as the one-dimensional feel of the vast and reverential Hayward show so clearly demonstrates. Many of the original artists were, of course, extremely self-conscious about their work, but now a place in art history – albeit as an iconoclastic force – has taken all the sting out of a movement that chose to challenge our assumptions about the relationship between art, reality and society. It took Dada and Surrealism rather longer than punk to be absorbed into the neutralising mainstream of our civilisation. Nowadays, revolt is co-opted within seconds of its birth, or even more disturbingly, *before* its emergence into the world. The new wave was always too concerned with its place in rock history to be really spontaneous. It turned itself into a trend – and inevitably these days into an instant museum-piece – the moment the first traditional rock smile twisted and froze into a disgusted snarl.

Opera

Eric Sams

Dismember Me

Duke Bluebeard's Castle and **Gianni Schicci**
Coliseum; further performances 25 February, 2 and 7 March
The Lambton Worm *Oxford Playhouse*

Bluebeard's new bride tiresomely insists on looking into his locked rooms. There she finds flowers and jewels stained with blood and tears, signifying the gains and pains of love. She can live with such disclosures, but not with the contents of the fatal seventh room – namely three former wives who are still disconcertingly alive, though understandably speechless. The latest arrival is now doomed to join her predecessors in silence and obscurity; as bride and door shut up, night and curtain fall. Moral: ask no questions and you'll be told no truths. In Bartok's dream world, any leftover lovers would be better dismembered than remembered. In Puccini's real world, which is just as cruel, the late unlamented Buoso Donati has willed his money to a monastery. His repulsive relatives flap and shriek like thwarted vultures before turning in desperation to the local con-man, tricky Schicci, whose timely impersonation not only deceives the law but defrauds the church. Moral: where there's a will there's a wastrel. Just leave everything to him and he'll leave everything to himself.

The comedy of death and profit when added to the tragedy of love and loss makes a finely-balanced double bill. But some items remain rather unsettled. Of course Bluebeard's donjon must look dark and lie deep, as befits a symbol of the unconscious mind. But it could surely have afforded better access than by a builder's ladder, which lets down the castle as well as the cast. Not only the stipulated staircase but the keys, doors and contents of the rooms should arguably be directly represented, not just mimed or mirrored; for how can symbolism work without any actual symbols? At least one of the two characters looked convincingly real. Elizabeth Connell, warm and womanly in voice and presence, made much of her lines, both as melody and (in Chester Kallman's sensitive translation) as poetry. Gwynne Howell as her ominous spouse sounded impressive yet looked impassive. He would have made a perfect

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Duke Greybeard; but Bartok's hero is surely virility personified, and this is his wedding night. He should stand more proudly, act more vigorously. The best visual and dramatic effects came from the direction of Charles Groves, as when the fifth door opened on a long shining vista of sustained chords depicting broad sunlit domains.

Puccini's score is fully as graphic in its more worldly way; and the inspired craftsmanship of his musical scenes and designs was well matched by the stage setting, which drew a round of spontaneous applause. So did Joy Roberts, in Lauretta's famous aria of daughterly devotion; so well-loved a daddy could easily become top of the pops. Mark Elder's conducting seemed a shade too sharp for such sweet sentiment; but otherwise his brisk yet flexible timing allowed the whole talented company to show off its paces. In particular, Anne Collins created a memorable Zita, and the ensemble was brightened by some lustrous top notes from Anne Conoley as Nella. Thomas Hemsley in the name part once again showed what a gifted and thoughtful artist he is. Perhaps his restraint clashed a little with his loud costume and the updated staging. But his instincts were surely sound; some of this production's vivid actuality could profitably have been loaned to the Bartok piece in exchange for a share of deeper significance.

In these respects *The Lambton Worm* seemed curiously segmented. It should perhaps be explained that in Oxford (whether dictionaries or operas) a worm still retains its archaic primary meaning of a serpent, snake or dragon. The present specimen is fished from a stream, in rudimentary form, by sportive young Sir John Lambton. During his absence from home, it grows and matures in secret, only to emerge on the rampage when he returns: quite a coincidence. He vows that before it does any more damage to life and property it must now be put down, as it was first pulled up, by his own hand. His victory is bought at the modest price of a curse on his own seed; according to the Durham legend on which the libretto is based, no Lambtons for nine generations died in their beds. However, they may well have died in someone else's: by clear implication, the Worm is a prominent and permanent part of sinful human nature.

To judge by the latest volume of Anne Ridler's admirable poetry, she has deliberately hollowed out her present style to make room for music. Her dragon certainly offers a gripping tale; but its striking symbols, with their powerfully Freudian reverberations, have been delegated to the orchestra and Robert Sherlaw Johnson, who composed and conducted the score with fine musicianship. But he too has to pay a price for his success. Thus in order to express the intimate link between hero and monster the score has to be riddled with worm-motifs, rather to the detriment of its structure. Nor are the drama's brighter moments of loving colloquy, bold resolution or youthful play clearly reflected in musical images; instead, the mood of fraught tension is drummed home with little abatement or relief. When the orchestra speaks for itself, without fear of contradiction from the sung words or the stage action (well directed by Michael Gearin-Tosh), its tones can be truly compelling; thus in the culminating prelude which foretells the worm's undoing and hence the dénouement, the invention takes a stronger and more vital turn. The music can also serve to sustain or develop character, as evidenced by the Wise Woman of Kate Eckersley and the young hero of Richard Lloyd Morgan, among other noteworthy performances. But in general the impression of two different wavelengths led to a mixed reception.

Television

Russell Davies

All Mouth

The term 'talking heads' always puts me in mind of ventriloquists' dummies. It seems to suggest that heads have no right to talk, whereas in fact talking is what many heads in TV are best at – better at than thinking, anyway. It is one of the more interesting challenges to a critical viewer to distinguish really enlightening talk from the fluency that merely conveys an impression that thought has at some stage taken place. A monstrous gamut of mouths has been run in the past few days, and there have been examples of every stage of the evolution of discourse, from simple incoherence and crude demagogy to extremely effortful tasks of philosophical definition.

Before we move on to these, and leave the image of the ventriloquist behind, I should like to ask, rhetorically, if there has ever been a more expert ventriloquial dissimulator than Ray Alan, the valet of Lord Charles? Television might almost have been designed to abolish the voice-throwing arts for good and all; yet Alan survives the closest scrutiny of the cameras, and without a trace of the gottle-o-geer stiff upper lip. He excels wonderfully at registering expressions of scepticism and amused tolerance while gibbering away all the time in the guise of the wooden aristocrat. It is a very impressive performance, somewhat hurriedly exposed on last Saturday's *Multi-Coloured Swap Shop* (BBC-1), where they never seem to leave enough time at the end of the programme for their Star Guest to get going.

And so to talking heads, or in Mrs Thatcher's case, hectoring hairstyles. I suppose her little performance with the pound note and the scissors was by some margin the most degrading bout of oratory in the week. Usually, I find, one feels embarrassment only for people one likes; yet Mrs Thatcher retains a prodigious talent for being dislikeable and embarrassing at the same time. You can predict with certainty that she will never make a moving speech; she seems to have no intuitive feel of how she strikes the ear, for one thing, and is lost when something lower-pitched than messianic certainty is required.

Someone with all these knacks in unaccountable abundance is Muhammad Ali, whose manner of accepting defeat this week was exemplary, and very affecting. Certainly fatigue must have been a large component in his timely humility, but there was also a conviction evident in him that there comes a point when you have to moderate your tone. His interview with Harry Carpenter didn't pass, of course, without a lordly 'ssh!' to the clamorous entourage in the background; and it closed with a moment of wild Barnumism, where Ali, warming to a theme proposed by the interviewer, advanced on the camera with a threatening fist and a Hammer Horror cry of '*I shall return*!' A capacity for conscious self-parody is a terrific asset to public figures. (It helps to explain, for example, the strange fact that most people fundamentally like Clive Jenkins.)

I was expecting the high-speed talker of the week to be Anthony Quinton, but his performance on *Men of Ideas* (BBC-2) was outdone, for sheer word-flow, by the songwriter Stephen Sondheim, in interview with André Previn on the same channel's *The Lively Arts*. Admittedly Quinton had the two philosophies of Wittgenstein to expound, while Sondheim had the rather simpler subject of his own talent; but this area of thought turned out to have its complexities as well. Sondheim was extremely convincing on the topic of what makes songs work, what rhyme does to the listening brain, why lyrics should not be overloaded yet can sometimes be charmingly over-elaborated, etc. So I only wish I liked his songs more. The studio examples provided by Millicent Martin, Julia McKenzie and David Kernan were as stridently rhetorical, for the most part, as the most percussive of Brecht's often tedious anti-militaristic songs.

As for Quinton, he was predictably good to watch, though Bryan Magee seems now to be hooked on the theory that what he tells us three times is true. The 'let's get this straight before we move on' passages are beginning to take over the programme. Its shape, you may have noticed, rather resembles *Pot Black* (BBC-2). There are two participants and one of them carries on until he founders or snookers himself, whereupon the other takes over. Magee invariably gets the first 'break' (a long one in Wittgenstein's case), but after that it's a matter of skill and choice. Anyhow, Quinton took advantage of a blunder by Magee – an invitation to give yet another résumé of the *Tractatus* – and went on to record the highest break so far in the *Men of Ideas* series: several minutes of uninterrupted verbal play which made one rather wish that, on this occasion, the expert had been left alone to put on an exhibition match against himself. It might seriously be an idea to give Wittgenstein a fuller airing sometime, especially as the nature of Magee's questioning throughout must have left a strong impression in many watching minds that there is an element of the Emperor's New Clothes about our Ludwig.

And then there was *Parkinson* (BBC-1), concluding what has been a pretty fair series with a bunch of rather worrying guests. The songwriter Leslie Bricusse, while not in Sondheim's league as a theorist, was amiable enough, but over the other two,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Petula Clark and Anthony Newley, the psychiatric shroud of former-child-stardom seemed to hang low. It has left Newley, in particular, with a stage style that teems with an unbelievable variety of mannerisms, and a personal demeanour that, though it seems to combine the standard showbiz rhetorics of mock-modesty, bravado and simmering lecherousness, hints at unusual and oppressive regions beyond. I don't suppose for a moment that Mr Newley is actually Evil Tidings, but his talking head certainly played bad vibes in mine.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Wartlessness

Love Letters on Blue Paper *Cottesloe*
Bodies *Hampstead*
In the Blood *Theatre Upstairs*

'The way in which critics write about one's work, the way they crawl over one's body, makes my flesh creep,' proclaims Arnold Wesker in the new *Theatre Quarterly*: 'their language sort of tampers with one in a way that makes one feel unclean.' Specifically, we were wrong to admire one's *Wedding Feast* at Leeds last year, and the only reason we did so was that it was 'very funny and intellectually undemanding', not on a par with one's best stuff. Heigh-ho. *I* thought I liked it because it had virtues mainly missing from Wesker's work over the past couple of decades: hard-headedness, astringency, a determination to cope with the world as it is rather than tangle impotently with woolly hopes and dreams home-woven on a loom borrowed from William Morris. It showed, more dramatically than I had believed possible, the chasms of interest, trust and liking that are doomed to yawn between the most 'enlightened' of employers and those relying on them for bread and beer. Quite why this judgment should make Arnold feel his socks need changing I don't know; but evidently it does, and worse still is to come, because I have some half-way generous things to say about what is, by any standard, a much more personal play than *The Wedding Feast*. Better run the bath, Arnold: here comes old creeply-crawly.

A trade-union boss is dying of leukaemia. His wife, though supposedly ignorant of his fate, writes him letters celebrating their marriage. That, really, is the whole play, and there are certainly times when you wonder if it is enough, especially as the condemned man isn't the most plausible of characters. Wesker tells us he based him on the late Vic Feather, and indeed actually calls him Vic; but I suspect that that canny old gaffer might have been a bit embarrassed by so absolutely uncritical an obit. Here is Wesker's long-embraced ideal, the kind of principled, cultivated and far-sighted man of the people with whose help a nationwide network of flourishing Centre 42's would be spirited into being. He encourages young painters, insists that the new union headquarters named after him be plastered with their offerings, and is himself writing an impassioned history of art. He is shocked by the opportunism of his one-time subordinates, and appalled by the corruption of some of their leaders – capitalism has, he says, in my opinion tendentiously, 'created an enemy in its own image, monstrous as itself'. Not least, he is a husband in a hundred thousand, a Pygmalion with the capacity to excite his putty to ecstasies of gratitude. You could call him the magic Feather.

Some may argue that no play can survive such spectacular wartlessness at its centre. Others, including myself, would reply by pointing to the less sentimentally conceived parts of Wesker's obsequies: the nice young confidant, whose own terminal response to the imminent passing of his chum is a sudden, heartfelt 'thank God it's not me'; the union slicker, wangling old Vic's support for some putsch of his own; above all, the wife, busy with the washing and washing-up as her epistolary ardour comes over the theatre tannoy. Michael Gough, who plays her beloved, may seem to us to smell a little too strongly of sanctimony. To her he doesn't, and it is her view that finally and rather surprisingly prevails, partly because of Elizabeth Spriggs's po-faced mulish and utterly unposturing playing of the part, and partly because the love-letters Wesker has concocted for her have a strange and haunting authenticity. This is an undemonstrative woman's demonstration, passion conveyed by post, as it never could be by mouth, and all culminating in a most un-English outpouring of soul: 'Can't you feel what I feel, mad old woman that I am now? Can't you understand I'd rip myself apart for you. Oh my beloved, oh my sweet sweet, sweetest . . .' Only Wesker, of our dramatists, would presume to prise the heart from its standard slot and hang it so openly on the sleeve. And only Wesker could get away with it.

His trouble, and the reason for the endless wrangling between him and his critics, is surely that he's a man born out of his time, a natural optimist and believer dumped on a sceptical and pessimistic Earth. A happier age may not be able to comprehend how we could find fault with Wesker and merit in such stuff as James Saunders's *Bodies*, which sees just two possibilities for modern man, each pretty grisly. Either he's a floundering neurotic, a gibbering compound of hang-ups, vain beliefs and hopeless hopes, mainly miserable but capable of occasional exhilaration. Or he's a sleek and equable rat in some behavourist's cage, content because he's reconciled himself to being no more than a series of physical sensations, a set of buttons regularly pressed and responses automatically given. Mr Saunders's aim, the reason he wrote his play at all, seems to be to bring these warring viewpoints into conflict and, more specifically, to consider what will happen to art and literature if the human hygienists do indeed succeed in lobotomising away all our problems and pains. The trouble is that what provokes and sustains this not uninteresting debate is a drab tale of adultery – or (rather) adulteries, since each of the two husbands on show has made it with the other's wife. The cast is Gwen Watford, Anne Stallybrass, David Burke and Dinsdale Landen, an impressive lot. But only Mr Landen's windswept English teacher, snorting and gobbling through his *n*th bottle of Scotch, succeeds in garnering either Mr Saunders's empathy or our interest.

In the Blood is by 19-year-old Lenka Janiurek, who often sounds her age. The oldsters in her private asylum are mere shadows, grown-ups glimpsed from afar: it's the oppressed, frightened and bewildered youngsters who get the attention, up to and including a skimpily motivated joint suicide. Still, sound if slow-footed dialogue. Intelligence, sensitivity, a noticing ear and eye. We'll hear more of Miss Janiurek, no doubt of it.

Radio

Peter Porter

Bows and Arrows

If I were a radio playwright, I'd be relieved to have such talented actors available to bring my works to life. A recent *Monday Play* (Radio 4) was so usual an experience in some ways and yet so remarkable in others that it makes a good programme to anatomise. *The Duck and the Kangaroo* was Alan Berrie's first play for radio. It told a familiar story inventively and movingly. Bobby Hennessy is a Dublin sculptor, happily married to a girl from a well-off family, with two children. The elder, a girl, is Edward Lear's kangaroo to his duck in a nursery game they still like to play, although she is 13 and the brightest pupil at her school. He curses Ireland as a land of philistines and is overdrawn at the bank. An old friend, who got out years ago and has made it in Paris and London, comes to stay, and the dénouement is not long in arriving. Daughter, who has idolised her father, begins to see him as a provincial failure, which is how he has seen himself all along. It ends disastrously.

The trouble was that both the naturalism and the honesty were over-familiar. Albee and Osborne seemed to be rewriting Ibsen: if the duck wasn't quite wild, the father's self-immolation was the purest Rosmersholm. Much of the dialogue was funny and apt, yet the yapping critic in me kept making points against the play as I listened. My better half, however, was ignoring those points: it was mesmerised by the superb acting of the cast. Denys Hawthorne, as the sculptor, gave a virtuoso performance quite as remarkable as anything on offer in our major theatres. Hawthorne transfigured the uneven dialogue so that it coloured your mind like indelible dye. Kate Binchy as his wife and Elizabeth Lindsay as his daughter were as good, though their parts were not quite so flamboyant. The production, by Richard Wortley, held everything together exactly and without over-emphasis. I am probably being unfair to Mr Berrie: his play was above

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

average, but I ended up wondering all over again at the unsurpassable skill of the BBC's radio actors. These virtuosi toil away week after week and go largely unregarded. In any other medium, they would be world stars.

The day before *The Duck and the Kangaroo* was broadcast, Radio 3 offered one of its intellectual fantasies, entitled *The Monument*, in the *Drama Now* series. A new director, with strong democratic and populist tastes, is appointed to run the Royal Friedrich Engels Museum of Fine Arts, and the play charts the effects of his innovations and the comic disasters which ensue. It began not far from life (the libel laws forbid me to specify), but it quickly tipped over into the wildest and most self-indulgent fantasy. The author, David Creggan, showed plenty of invention but would have added weight to his characters if he'd kept them a little closer to likelihood. Whether it was his fault or mine I can't say, but I kept thinking how Nigel Dennis would have made a scene just that much more hauntingly anarchic, and how Henry Reed would have added poignancy to absurdity. The central set-piece was enjoyable, with the Free Greece Restitution Committee dragging one of the immense Harbottle Caryatids through the Museum en route to its original pedestal among the goats and neglect of its homeland (and here I can name the Elgin Marbles). The Director cannot impede them for fear they will drop it and the action cuts back many times to their laborious but revolutionary progress. The Director has a nice line in left-wing reasoning. The caryatids will inspire more people in his museum than they would on their original hillside, so it is anti-progressive to restore them to their home. But Mr Creggan's satire was focused all ways at once, and again the greatest pleasure came from the fine acting.

Every critic must have some reasonable bias and I admit to approaching *Desert Island Discs* (Radio 4) more in the nature of a wade through the mud to Canvey Island than as an embarkation for Cythera. The only way to make the programme work is for the castaway to take it seriously and play records which mean something to him. You can't expect a politician to see it that way: he will regard it as a heaven-sent opportunity to be plain and appealing. Last week, Margaret Thatcher vied with Harold Wilson for the palm of middlebrow prig of the age. I just don't believe that she would want a monumentally unfunny disc of Bob Newhart in cabaret with her on that island, but, of course, 'humour has always been very important' to her. At one point she said she would now choose something completely different and picked the triumphal scene from *Aida*. Her choice of a luxury was a photo album of her children and her book was *The Survivor's Handbook*, full of useful hints about how to weave, how to make a boat and construct bows and arrows. No doubt Central Office was pleased with her performance, but I fear she is going to need that boat more than the bows and arrows.

I had intended to survey the state of humorous broadcasting, but two evenings listening to *Would the Last Businessman to Leave the Country Please Turn out the Lights?* and *The Show with Ten Legs* (both Radio 2) have so reduced my strength, I shall have to postpone the task. The first of these is a new series, and the standard of joke can be gauged from this exchange: Arab Sheikh – 'We are a backward people'; English Exporter (Leslie Phillips) – 'Well, one has heard rumours.'

Films

John Coleman

Future Tense

Jonah, Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000 (X) *Paris Pullman and Phoenix*
Jubilee (X) *Gate Two Cinema, Russell Square*
Silver Bears (A) *ABC Shaftesbury Avenue*

'The characters in *Jonah* are not really characters but metaphors on two feet'; thus Alain Tanner in interview, talking about his now two-year-old film. When one adds that its eight principals all have names beginning with Ma . . . , there might seem cause to fear the worst. In the event, this is Tanner – with John Berger once again co-scripting – at something very near his best. His blessed knack for catching people with quirky humanity is here put to the service of a non-story, impressionism at it highest, about how four men and four women react and interact eight years after *les événements* of May 1968. The devil is how to describe such a crafted jigsaw in little space. Max (Jean-Luc Bideau) is perhaps the over-riding disillusioned conscience of the group, a proof-reader on a Geneva newspaper and a gambler: at a roulette club, he meets a banker and property speculator in the green belt. The banker's secretary, Madeleine, a Tantric fanatic who enjoys eating naked, offers Max further details of his shady dealings, which will involve some friends, Marcel and Marguerite Certoux: they are struggling to farm organically and have just taken on an out-of-work typesetter, Mathieu, as general horse-manure collector. Mathieu's wife, Mathilde, works in a metal parts factory but wants another baby: she is the whale out of which the infant Jonah (or Jonas) will issue eventually, he who is to inherit a possibly finer 21st century. There is also Marco, a neighbour of the Certoux and tyro history teacher at the local school: he enlivens his first lesson with a length of blood sausage and a knife, discoursing breezily the while on manifestations of time and allied topics. He is to fall for sweet, blonde Marie, a supermarket cashier, whose idea of social equality is to undercharge the poor.

Their lives develop and cross. Marie gets six months when caught out and Marco, dismissed as teacher, starts work in an old people's home. Marcel Certoux is obsessed by the preservation of whales, who are slaughtered to make lipstick; his wife sells herself to immigrant labourers at 20 francs a throw. Their extra labourer, Mathieu, rebels against dung-collecting, begins his own unorthodox school in a disused greenhouse, is fired by Mme Certoux but allowed to keep on his lodgings. The various children have completed a sort of group portrait of the octet on a wall, gradually colouring in their silhouettes. The closing shots find Mathieu biking off to city work again, cursing a red light, somehow optimistic ('I'll be exploited,' he chants, 'I'll try to use your hopes as levers'): it is 1980 and the toddling Jonas (or Jonah) is chalking what may be a doodle or a whale across the faded mural.

Some of the jigsaw is in colour, but black-and-white is quite often used – undistractingly – to suggest hopes, memories, projections. Pieces that stay in the mind would include a long meal-time session with everyone chipping in with suggestions for the naming of Mathilde's then unborn new baby; Marie's strange, games-playing visits to a retired engine-driver, Charles (magnificently played by Raymond Bussière – but then the entire cast is quite admirable); Marco's admission during his last class that his greatest desire is to sleep with two women. This fantasy he achieves with Marie and an ex-cell-mate, and amusingly. Impossible to pin down a film of so many crosscurrents, but its prevailing unity would seem to be atmospheric, its concern to trap a contemporary manic-depressive mood, at best poised somewhere between private angers about what we are doing to our world and optimism that – from such scraps of half-knowledge and experimentation – something better may yet emerge.

Derek Jarman's *Jubilee* (opening the new Gate venture in Bloomsbury) has no truck with tentative meliorism. The near future is going to be a punk version of Hell, at least domestically, organised by one Borgia Ginz (black Orlando from the Lindsay Kemp Troupe), its smoking ruins patrolled by a couple of white-helmeted policemen and a venomous squad of freakish ladies led by Jenny Runacre. Miss Runacre doubles as Elizabeth I, at whose weary behest this vision is summoned up by the magician, Dr John Dee (Richard O'Brien, who wrote *The Rocky Horror Show*), via the camp Angel Ariel (David Haughton, also out of Lindsay Kemp). This trio has some very highflown dialogue, courtesy of Mr Jarman and co-producer James Whaley, but the updated stuff runs at best to 'My idea of a perfect garden is a Remembrance poppy field' and 'F—— off' ad nauseam. Ginz has bought Buck House as a recording studio, where Amyl Nitrite (Jordan) sings *Rule Britannia* as a garter-belt number. One of the police chappies is gorily castrated by *les girls*, the other blown up; though not before the funniest line in this rotting and rusty *Clockwork Orange*. The randy group lady, Craba (Little Nell), is heard to murmur from under him, 'It sure is a special branch.' You will notice, incidentally, it is often hard to detect from the cast list which is the actor, which the acted. Jarman previously made *Sebastiane*. Ivan Passer's *Silver Bears* is a soporifically complex tale of financial swindle and counter-swindle, with Peter Stone's humourless words enunciated by such stars and actors as Michael Caine, Cybill Shepherd, Louis Jourdan, Stéphane Audran (alas), David Warner and Martin Balsam: a snail's-paced waste of terrain and talent.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2,500th Weekend Competition

No 2503 **Set by Fatboy**

One of the recurrent sins of sports journalism is literary pretension. You know the sort of thing: no sooner has some tenacious middle-of-the-park operative failed to cut out a swerving cross-ball, than the inspired hack in the press box, remembering his Yeats, taps out, 'Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold.' Now, if you were called upon to report a match (any sport), you'd be able to indicate a much wider range of reading. 150 words; by 10 March.

Result of No 2500 **Set by Spiro Keats**

I asked for clerihews about contemporary figures.

Report **by Little Keith**

Spiro Keats didn't, of course, actually *come* to the Comp Party (and thank you, great prince, for the honour of this Jubilee Report). At one point, a grim-faced, precipitate servant burst into perhaps the largest and most populous reception room, babbling about the imminent descent of the scenic elevator. Everyone froze as the footman keeled on to the floor. A little later, an illuminated screen was lowered from the Keats penthouse, so that it rippled eerily outside the broad wash of the complex windows. Then, in silhouette, we saw that vast hand appear – followed by the ear-pummelling whiplash of Spiro's muscular fingersnap. Several competitors fainted, and there was a tremendous wounded bellow from Parrott (by now seeking the foetal position in a corner of the room). Parrott later confided that, in common with virtually every competitor present, the whole party had been quite poisoned by the prospect of Keats's entry. Well, we heard nothing more from upstairs until the familiar din of Mr Keats's fleeing helicopter battered against the windowpanes: off for the weekend, no doubt (Marrakesh? Monte Carlo? Tenerife? – we never really know). One celebrity, however (and I exclude members of the distinguished complex think-tank), *did* put in an appearance. After much nauseated talk about 'the gaggle of pornographers on the third floor', the Editor strode from his crepuscular ground-floor prefab, grimly climbed the marble staircase, hurled back the great oak double-doors, drew in his breath to denounce the throng, and blacked out. £3 per poem.

Updating one of Browning's conceits –
What porridge had John Keats? –
I'd like to ask, what Biro
Has Spiro?

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Graham Greene
Is seldom seen:
He's hiding from that cunning old sod
God.

DAVID MATTHEWS

Jimmy Carter
Is quite a martyr
To Vance
In his pants.

E. O. PARROTT

Elizabeth of Glamis
Has considerable charms
Not to mention
A considerable old age pension.

Jean-Paul Sartre
Moaned in Montmartre:
'Why is it that strippers always confound
the evidential
With the existential?'

In *By Grand Central Station I Sat Down and Wept*, Elizabeth Smart
Laid bare her heart.
I too tend to wail
When forced to have anything to do with
British Rail.

MARTIN FAGG

Thought Michael Edwardes,
Tottering bedwardes:
'It's quite tiring,
All this firing.'

W. S. BROWNLIE

Melvyn Bragg
Said, 'Putting down TV's not my bag:
It's silly to knock the media,
Especially if they fedia.'

NAOMI MARKS

Lord Carver
Dislikes all this political palaver.
He's just an impartial
Field Marshal.

LAURENCE FOWLER

Ivan Illich
Lives in a vilich
And is very hoity-toity
About modern sosoity

C. VITA-FINZI

With Germaine Greer
Blue stockings come sheer:
The battlefield of the sexes
Is criss-crossed with her exes.

W. J. WEBSTER

Mrs Healey ('Ed')
Is an author now being read;
She must find the company of highbrows
More fun than Old Eyebrows.

JOYCE JOHNSON

If Enoch Powell
Threw in the towel,
It'd be a black day
Down your way.

DIANA BOYES

James Galway's
Always
Good for a jaw:
It's his flute that's a bore.

PETER ALEXANDER

Said Mr Peter Jay,
'Things are going my way:
Life is a bed of roses
Thanks to Grandpa Moses.'

H. G. TAYLOR

E. Clerihew Bentley
Enthroned himself by gently
Setting the whole country to work
On a quirk.

OTTO WATTEAU

Tony Miles

Chess

No 72 **Korchnoy v Spassky**

I have avoided writing about this match earlier since my only source of information was the national press which gave rather confused reports. Now I have some of the inside story.

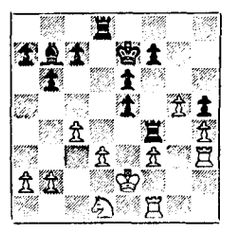
To summarise the match: Korchnoy stormed into a 7½-2½ lead and the match seemed as good as over. In the 11th game he played awfully and lost. Spassky was now adopting the strange technique of sitting in his 'box' analysing from the demonstration board and returning to the board only to play moves. Korchnoy objected to this, but Spassky maintained that it was perfectly legal. In the 12th game Korchnoy overstepped the time limit in a difficult but not hopeless position. He then alleged that 'rays' were being directed at him from the audience and demanded a curtain to protect him. The request was, of course, refused. In the 13th game Korchnoy, in a better position, had a complete hallucination and sacrificed his queen for a non-existent mate.

At this point he threatened to withdraw and, according to some reports, did withdraw. In either event he was persuaded to continue and duly blundered and lost the 14th game. Suddenly the score was 7½-6½ and the match wide open. Just as suddenly the tide turned again. The 15th and 16th games were drawn, Spassky played the 17th feebly and lost, Korchnoy pressed home his advantage in the 18th and the match was over.

So I asked Korchnoy what was the explanation? 'Hypnosis and counter-hypnosis' he replied immediately! At first I thought he was joking but it soon became clear that he was not. According to Korchnoy, Spassky has been studying hypnosis and the like since about 1964. Korchnoy claimed he could feel his knees going numb when under the influence. Also he said that Spassky's eyes were very bloodshot after the relevant games. However, he was not sure whether Spassky was the hypnotist or just the medium.

Why did Spassky wait until he was five points down before exercising his power? 'He was unable to sustain the hypnosis for long periods and planned to use it from the 12th game, but I made him start earlier!'

And what stopped the decline? A 'parapsychologist' came to Korchnoy before the 15th(?) game and offered to 'protect' him and counter Spassky's hypnosis. After that 'I was safe' and everything was all right.



Problem 72

Black to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 8 March.

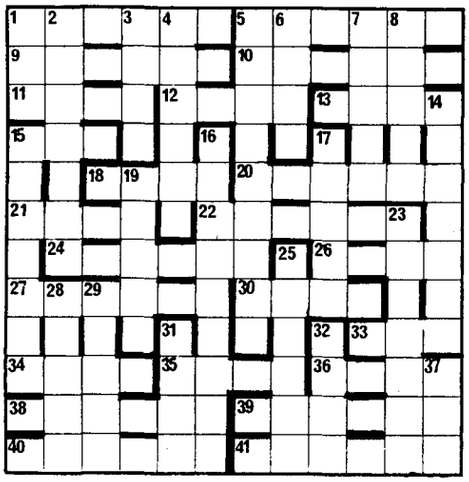
Solution to Problem 70

1. N-N3 (not 1. N x N, Q x Nch; 2. P-N3 or 2. K-N1, Q-N6 – Q-Q7ch!) R-R8! (not 1. . . . P-R4; 2. R x R, P-R5; 3. R-R8ch! and Q-B8-B5ch) threatening 2. . . . R-R8ch! After 2. R x R, Q x R threatens Q-Q5/Q7/Q8. Probably white must surrender the exchange by R-Q3 but his prospects are not good.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Salamanca 3: 'Period Piece'

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 3, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 7 March.



Down clues and answers are normal. Acrosses are not clued as such, but the checked letters are. In most cases it will be obvious (by lack of choice) which letters are required in addition to make them into longer words. These and the nature of the puzzle should yield sufficient information to allow solvers to make the correct choice in other situations. Every word except one place name (down) is in Chambers.

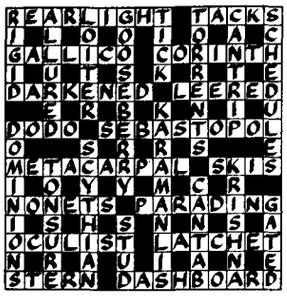
ACROSS

Weightless old platter – round, short constitution – a ballot-box has one – head off birds – it's rather confused – before second chapter – one in ancient city – languish, losing heart – not old English – officer in song – Kelvin the second? – cored channel – springtime? – Troon starter? – silence in most spots – what's enclosed for return? – short book – shame – deep ravine – red hot – most play about – rainstorm – story all about lost love – overseer.

DOWN

1. Race-course endlessly turned up shows one (at least) (3)
2. Somewhat nicer as a killing method? Not this (7)
3. Most old-womanish colouring (4)
4. One large arrangement encircling, this? (6)
5. Determined people in play about free society (9)
6. Increase once encountered, perhaps, as Common Market starts here? (4)
7. Normal health drink (5)
8. Unflinchingly cram in last of cream-cake – during this? (5)
14. Welshman crossing foreign sea? They put it in verse (7)
15. Harsh settlements on most magnificent child in rising (7)
16. E.g. Barham, a skilled lawman around a region (9)
17. They revive old ones at sea (5)
19. Enceinte, producing ten and one illegitimate by priest? (5)
23. They belong to sect that's the same in magnitude as rising, following yen (7)
25. This Gulf a soldier's endless grumble? (6)
28. I take a look around, seeing Oxford as this (5)
29. Grace, having distinction state-side (5)
31. Through which Johnson hewed passages specifically, record holds (4)
32. Wise Eric's eagle-eyed friend thus addressed? (4) . . .
37. . . . or if he's unnamed? (3)

Solution to No 1252



Prizewinners to No 1252

M. E. Davies (Macclesfield)
Miss A. M. Derton (Babbacombe)
Dr E. Wachtel (London W12)

APPOINTMENTS

Brent Peoples Housing Association

HOUSING ASSISTANT

(Brent/NW London)

£3,500-£4,200 plus car allowance

In four years our community based Association has expanded to over 1,300 units and is a dynamic and progressive organisation.

Our Housing Management Team is looking for someone willing to take responsibility for the management of their own area. In return we can offer valuable generic experience and guaranteed job satisfaction.

As our organisation operates in areas of housing stress the work requires someone who is enthusiastic, a good communicator with a sympathetic approach to housing problems and tenant welfare. I.H.M. desirable, housing experience preferable but would consider other relevant experience. Must be a car owner.

Ring 01-961 3535 for application form or write to

Brendan Bird, Housing Manager, Brent Peoples Housing Association, 8 Church Road, London NW10.

Greater London Arts Association

wishes to appoint an

ARTS DEVELOPMENT OFFICER (MUSIC)

to join a development team responsible for a regional strategy, policy and promotion for the arts in Greater London. The Officer will have primary responsibility for Music and for an extensive funding programme. The ideal candidate will combine musical knowledge, management and planning skills, with a wide awareness of the place of the arts in the community.

Salary scale (under review): £3,852 - £5,050 (including London Weighting)

and a

GRANTS ASSISTANT (MUSIC)

To support the above Officer, assisting in the administration of grant applications and providing advice and information to clients, and secretarial support to the Officer. An informed awareness of music, together with good secretarial skills and numeracy, are essential.

Salary scale (under review): £3,087 - £3,698.

Full details and application forms from: David Pratley, Director, Greater London Arts Association, 25/31 Tavistock, Place, London, WC1H 9SF. Closing date for full applications, Wednesday, 22 March 1978.

Assistant Hall Manager

AP3: £3,695-£4,073 pa inc.

An exciting opportunity to become involved with the running and development of a brand new 170-place student hall of residence at Wood Green, north London.

Your responsibilties would include deputising for the senior hall manager, directing the work of the caretaker and other domestic staff, advising and assisting with the provision and maintenance of furnishings, and the collection of rents and allocation of rooms.

You should have had some experience of management in a comparable post, and possess a recognised qualification (e.g. MHCIMA).

Please write for full details and an application form, posting first class to: Appointments Officer, (ref. 58.4.1G), Middlesex Polytechnic, Bounds Green Rd, London N11 2NQ. Closing date 6 March.

Middlesex Polytechnic

JOURNALIST

(WRITER)

BMA NEWS REVIEW Colour Magazine, the Medico-Political Union Journal of the British Medical Association, requires a lively, trained Journalist to join its small editorial team. The Journalist will be required to write news and feature articles and should have a sound knowledge of health services and policies. Negotiable salary around £4,000.

Please apply with photocopies of relevant published work and full personal details to: **Personnel Administrator, British Medical Association, Tavistock Square, London WC1H 9JP.**

YEMEN VOLUNTEER PROGRAMME COORDINATOR

CIIR requires a coordinator with previous Third World development experience to jointly (with present coordinator) administer its current programme in North Yemen.

An interest in community health issues as well as some familiarity with the Arab world advantages although intensive colloquial Arabic training is provided.

A British Volunteer Programme post. For further information write with details of curriculum vitae to: CIIR. **Overseas Volunteers, 1 Cambridge Terrace, London NW1 4JL.**

THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

requires a

Finance Officer

suitably qualified, to take charge of its finance and accounting department, to advise on all financial matters, prepare budgets, ensure effective budgetary control and reporting and generally oversee all financial affairs.

The Association's turnover is currently in the region of £1.25 million per annum, arising from membership subscriptions, publishing, research, rents, education activities etc.

The duties of the post may be extended to include other aspects of the Association's administration.

Salary in the range £6,665 — £7,360

Fuller particulars from:

The Secretary,
The Library Association,
7 Ridgemount Street,
London WC1E 7AE Tel. 01-636 7543

Closing date for applications 14 March 1978.

UNIVERSITY OF HULL

DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL ADMINISTRATION

SOCIAL WORK LECTURESHIP

Applications are invited from professionally qualified social workers for the post of Lecturer in Social Work (Applied Social Studies). The appointment, tenable from 1 June 1978 (or as soon as possible thereafter), will be for a period of two years although there is a possibility that it may be extended.

Salary on scale £3,333 — £6,655 per annum (under review).

Applications (6 copies) giving details of age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two or three referees should be sent by 18 March 1978 to the Registrar, The University of Hull, Hull, HU6 7RX from whom further particulars may be obtained.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNIVERSITY OF ESSEX

LECTURER IN FILM

Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Film in the Department of Art from 1 October 1978 (salary scale £3,333 — £6,655, under review).

Candidates should have specialist knowledge in the theory of film-making and interpretation and the techniques and history of the cinema. The post involves the construction of undergraduate courses in conjunction with degree schemes in Literature, Art and other departments and in relation to specialised studies of Latin America, the United States and Russia.

Applications (six copies), including a curriculum vitae and the names and addresses of three referees, should reach the Registrar (AG/9/S), University of Essex, Wivenhoe Park, Colchester CO4 3SQ, from whom further particulars may be obtained, by 17 March 1978.

SOUTH WEST LONDON COLLEGE
INNER LONDON EDUCATION AUTHORITY

PART-TIME LECTURERS

to teach Trade Union studies, Industrial Relations and Personnel Management for whole-day and half-day sessions from April-June 1978.

Applications stating experience and/or qualifications should be made on form available from:
Vice-Principal's Secretary,
South West London College,
Tooting Broadway,
London SW17 0TQ

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF SOCIAL SERVICE

EUROPEAN DESK OFFICER

To be responsible for producing monthly publication LOOK — EUROPE, interesting UK voluntary agencies in European affairs, especially the European Communities' Social Policy, and developing relations with appropriate European institutions.

Proven administrative and writing skills and experience of the UK voluntary movement essential. Knowledge of UK and European Social Policy desirable.

Salary £4,003 - £5,020 (under review) + £133 p.a. London Weighting. 4 weeks annual leave; superannuation scheme.

Further details and application form from the Administrator, NCSS, 26 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3HU. 01-636 4066. Closing date: 10 March 1978.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL BRITISH SECTION

require

Two experienced Secretaries – One full time, one for two days a week. First rate typing/shorthand skills necessary. Interest in international affairs helpful. Telephone Lindsay Stewart 01-836 5621 for application form.

WRITERS GUILD

(Entertainments Trade Union)

requires

CLERK TYPIST

Small unit. Edgware Road area. £2,300 plus.

Tel. 723 8074

Publishing Secretaries

Openings to £4,000 in all fields of The Book World.

Covent Garden Bureau,
53 Fleet Street, London EC4
01-353 7696

EASTER SECRETARIAL COLLEGE leavers call on Stella Fisher. Widest choice includes Publishing Houses, Academic Bodies, Charitable Trusts as well as recruitment for Bankers, Commerce, Industry and the Professions. The No-Branch-Bureau which offers a specialist service to educated office people. Stella Fisher Bureau, 110 Strand, London WC2. 01-836 6644 (also open Sats 10 a.m.-12.30 p.m.).

VOLUNTEERS urgently required to live and work in our community house for single homeless men. Preferably for a minimum period of 3 months. £5 weekly allowance plus board and lodging. For further details contact Tony Martin, Petrus Community Trust, Talbot Hotel, John St, Rochdale, Lancs. Tel. 0706 46925.

COLLET'S have the following vacancies in their Chinese Gallery & Bookshop WC1: Assistant Manager. Working knowledge of Chinese essential; Shop Assistant, some clerical work. Tel.: 734 0782. Ask for Mrs Skelley or Mr Mendelsohn.

FREEDOM! JOBS AT SEA Home/Abroad. Inexperienced men, women, high pay, oil rigs, diving, liners, cargo, merchant marine, fishing fleet. 'Employment Guide' 65p. 100,000 vacancies UK, Europe, America, Scandinavia, Middle East (26 countries). Very high wages! Low, low taxes! 'Working Holiday Free Travel Guide' 80p. Both £1.25. Buck (NS), 196 Green St, Enfield, Middlesex.

EXPERIENCED SECRETARY required, 21-35 yrs, 5 mornings weekly. Small, quiet designers office in Chelsea. Non-smoker. Good salary. Tel. 01-352 1455.

MEDICAL SECRETARIES and receptionists urgently required for doctors and hospitals, perm. and temp. M. & S. Agency, 124 Gloucester Road, SW7. 373 7185.

TEA, A CHAT AND A JOB at the Winifred Johnston Office Staff Bureau, 118 New Bond Street, W1 (opp. Fenwick's). 493 3005.

Appointments Wanted

WOMAN SCIENCE GRADUATE, no children, several years' experience editing books & magazines, seeks literary/legal/administrative work part or full-time, day or evening with some flexibility of working hours. Cent/SW London. Box 526 or 788 3930.

HAVE YOU A LOT OF ADMIN. WORK on your hands? Efficient administrator, experienced in Sales, Admin., Market Research, seeks evening/weekend work. Box 575.

School

THE NEW SCHOOL, King's Langley, based on the educational principles of Rudolf Steiner. This method of education aims at unfolding individual faculties and the development of truly social impulses. Co-educational Boarding and Day School. 5-16 years GCE at 'O' and 'A' levels. Prospectus on application. King's Langley 62505.

Accommodation Vacant

JOURNALIST seeks prof. person to share large Streatham flat. Own room. £15 p.w. plus half household expenses. 769 6252.

HANDY PERSON offered two months free accommodation in N. Islington house in return for cleaning it up for May sale. For details phone 340 1612 after 7 p.m.

HIGHBURY: Good separate accom. for responsible, independent person with part-time job/flexible hours, in return for looking after 6 yr old girl some evenings, limited domestic duties. Suit grad. student/teacher/part-timer. Ring 01-226 6018.

Accommodation Wanted

PLACID VEGETARIAN FEMALE 25 yrs old, working for Trade Union in SE London seeks substantial bedsit. or small self-contained flatlet, London area SE1, SE7, WC1, or EC1 preferred. Modest rent, willing to share. Box 516.

ROOM cent. London sought for occas. short stays, initially Easter, by m. 32. 0272 46885.

YOUNG BARRISTER sks. accom. London, easy travel Temple. Will share hse/flat. Box 557.

AMERICAN COUPLE (writer and bookseller), very careful tenants, moving to London, need two bedroom flat from April for long let. Furnished or unfurnished. £135 p.c.m. Ward, Cortnaglough, Ballinhassig, Cork, Ireland.

VISITING ACADEMICS. Landlords: we urgently require flats & houses within easy reach of the British Museum & the University. Helen Watson & Co. 637 4863.

Financial

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES. £50-£20,000. Regional Trust Ltd, 8 Clifford St, New Bond St, London W1. 01-734 5983 or 2914.

Removals

TAXIMOVES FOR 1 & 2 TON VANS, all with helpful working drivers. 722 7661.

GENTLE GHOST

REMOVALS
COOPERATIVE

Fast, cheap & reliable
All sizes

603 2865/602 3719
33 Norland Rd, London W11.

Holidays/ Travel

SKIPPER A SLOW BOAT THROUGH ENGLAND

Explore the world of the waterways in one of our luxury, traditional-style narrow boats up to eight berth.

Choice of river and canal routes starting from

UPTON-UPON-SEVERN.

All boats have shower, refrigerator, heating, good-sized cooker, high-quality cooking equipment, comfortable, full-length berths. Television, bed linen and VAT included in prices.

C.L. & R.A. COLBORNE,
Dept NS,
1 Haileywood Farm Cottages,
Reading Road, Shiplake, Oxon.
Tel: 073 522 3644.

CRAFTS SCHOOL: short courses for adult beginners in spinning, weaving, Welsh quilting and calligraphy in purpose-built workshops in mountains of mid-Wales. Accommodation (camping to hotel) arranged for pupils and their families from January to October. For details send s.a.e. to J. N. S. Hoad, Gwaith Llaw y Werin Crafts School, Ffarmers, Llanwrda, Dyfed SA19 8PJ, or tel. Pumpsaint (055 85) 434.

TUSCANY/UMBRIA, in heavenly countryside near Cortona, comfortable farmhouse to let except summer holidays. Write for details Box 576.

STUDY HOLIDAYS. Everything from Archaeology to Zoology. Comprehensive list of all short residential courses in Scotland this Summer. 20p post free from Scottish Institute of Adult Education, 57 Melville St, Edinburgh EH3 7HL.

COTE D'AZURE, France, 27ft caravan, exclusive site, sleeps five. £50 p.w. 435 2281.

ALMOST FREE HOLIDAY. Exchange homes UK or Ireland with carefully selected partner. S.a.e. Home Rooms Ltd, c/o 7 Provost Rd, London NW3.

EXPRESS TRAVEL, Greece, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Spain. 01-734 6661/2.

ATHENS! ATHENS! ATHENS! Return flights from £79 including surcharges. Capricorn Travel, 27 Ebury Bridge Rd, London SW1. Tel. 01-730 6152.

NORFOLK COTTAGE with own sandy beach. Sleeps 6, £40 p.w. Tel. 01-340 9864.

ADVENTURE HOLIDAY GUIDES abroad or Britain. Details of hundreds of activities from canoeing and hang-gliding to scuba diving from W. H. Smith, etc, at £1.50 each or from Vac-Work (NS), 9 Park End St, Oxford.

1978 FARM HOLIDAY GUIDE in three editions, England, Scotland, Wales, describing Britain's best farmhouse accomm. Available from Booksellers & Newsagents.

ATHENS £18. Geneva, Italy, Yugo. Istanbul, Israel, Paris. Coach/boat. 01-485 6078.

1978 EASTER INTRODUCTORY COURSE in Irish Civilisation. 27 March - 6 April. Write for details: Irish Humanities Centre, 23 Westland Row, Dublin 2, Ireland.

BEST VALUE FARES, regular, reliable departures, world-wide & European destinations. MAS, Empire House, 119 Regent St, London W1. 439 8511 (answerphone) 2/3.

INNIEMORE LODGE provides Highland Painting Holidays. May-Sept. Brochure: Julia Wroughton, ARCA, Inniemore Lodge, Carsaig, Mull, Scotland.

WORLD WIDE ECONOMY FLIGHTS. Australia, New Zealand, USA, Canada, Far East, Europe, Tel Aviv & South Africa, Haymarket Travel Ltd, 31 Haymarket, SW1. 839 6958.

MAGIC BUS. Amsterdam £10, Paris £10.50, Athens £26, Barcelona £27, Copenhagen £28, Lisbon £35.50, Morocco £47. 74 Shaftesbury Ave, W1. 439 0729, 439 0557.

COSY, FRIENDLY HOLIDAYS on comfy canal narrow boats. Some Easter & Summer vacancies. Contact: Mike & Lindy Foster, Bridgewater Boats, Castle Wharf, Berkhamsted 3615.

GOLFE JUAN, FRENCH RIVIERA: Tiny, stone-built cottage to let. Quiet, sleeps 2/3. 200 yds sandy beach. Terrace, garden, shower, gas, elec., fridge, flush WC. Per month, French francs: May 600, June 620, July 650, Sept. 520. S.a.e. Box 598.

Upper Thames Boatels
featured on TV Holidays '78

3 relaxing days Henley, Marlow, Maidenhead & Windsor, or Pangbourne, Wallingford, Abingdon & Oxford.

Spacious Victorian 2-deck barges glide through a green summer world. Explore back country lanes by Captain's mini-bus. Four comfortable single and twin cabins. Superb cuisine.

For this special cruise write:
Muriel Dowdall, (Dept NS),
122A Castle St, Reading, Berks.
Tel: Reading 57696.

WINE TOURS NORTHERN PORTUGAL

Our 1 week tour includes interesting excursions to beautiful wine growing areas and Vinho Verda and Port cellars, staying at star Hotel Ofir with excellent meals + wine, situated on superb beach on unspoilt Costa Verde coast. Easter departure March 22nd, April, Spring and Autumn departures on scheduled flights **£160.** Also Rhine wine tours May and September aboard Princess Margriet, one week **£225.** Apply:

BLACKHEATH TRAVEL
13, Blackheath Village, London, SE3.
Tel. 01-852 0025. ABTA. Atol 669B

SPECIAL FARE '77/78

BANGKOK	TOKYO
SINGAPORE	DJAKARTA
KUALA LUMPUR	DELHI
HONG KONG	AUSTRALIA
MANILA	NEW ZEALAND

and all destinations in Europe,
Middle and Far East.
Try us first.

The Travel News (UK) Ltd,
Radnor House, 93/97 Regent St,
London W1. Tel: 01-439 4578/9

TORQUAY — Devon
(The English Riviera)

CLIFF HOUSE HOTEL

Meadfoot Beach.

A luxury gay hotel set in a large garden at the sea's edge. All rooms with bath or shower. Terrace Bar — Steam room — Solarium.

Tel: (0803) 24656.

GREECE

GREEK ISLANDS

SPAIN

LUXURY CAMPING HOLIDAYS, HOTELS, VILLAS, TAVERNAS FLIGHTS TO ATHENS, CORFU & CRETE

from £47 (including basic accommodation). Athens by coach from £24. Phone, write or call for colour brochure:

VENTURA HOLIDAYS
Dept. N. 279 South Road, Sheffield
S6 3TA. Phone Sheffield (0742)
333392/342391.

TRAVEL BARGAINS OF 1978

VENICE, VERONA, BOLOGNA £75. Staying at Lake Garda. May 27th–June 4th, June 17th–26th, Aug. 26th–Sept. 4th, Sept. 9th–18th.

BERLIN, DRESDEN, LEIPZIG £95. Staying at Gera. July 8th–16th, Aug. 5th–13th. Full board, 1st class hotel. Full programme.

LENINGRAD £125. July 8th–19th, Aug. 5th–16th, Nov. 1st–12th. Full board Leningrad, and all sight-seeing, free theatre evening.

WARSAW and VILNIUS (Lithuania) £135. July 22nd–Aug. 4th. With full board and sight-seeing programme.

YORKSHIRE TOURS,
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ. Phone 0484 24269

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Courses

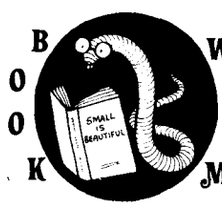
cont. from p. 272

Philip Jenkinson Easter Film Weekend School — Girton College, Cambridge — 24-26 March 1978.
'ANARCHY IN US COMEDY'
4 features; 2 clip sessions; Single rooms; All meals; Wine; Tennis courts; Swimming Pool.
£32·50 (+ VAT)
Details: Philip Jenkinson Easter Film Weekend, 2 Marston Close, London NW6 4EU. Tel: 01-486 5353

FRENCH, SPANISH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, Russian. Full-time day courses. Evening courses, Conversation (all grades), courses for GCE 'O' & 'A' levels & Institute of Linguists. Correspondence courses. Mentor for Languages 115N Shaftesbury Ave, London WC2 (Cambridge Circus). Tel. 836 3753

GERMAN TUITION, all grades, by British subject academically trained in Germany. 435 8523. NW London.

DEGREE, GCE and professional courses by post with qualified tutors and personal timetable from Wolsey Hall, the Oxford Correspondence College. Accredited CACC. Member ABCC. Free prospectus from W. Milligan MA, Dept BG2, Wolsey Hall, Oxford OX2 6PR or Tel. 0865-54231 (24 hrs).



CARTER, C.C. 'Land Forms and Life'. Meredith, 67 Kingfield Rd, Sheffield 11.

GILSON'S 'Christian Philosophy of St Thomas Aquinas'; Brennan's 'Thomistic Psychology' & other books about/by Aquinas. McQueen, Philosophy Dept, University of Nottingham.

STOYE: THE SIEGE OF VIENNA. Please write Box 389.

WANTED early novels of Francis Stuart and Liam O'Flaherty. Quote to G. Fryer, Terrybaun, Bofeenaun, Ballina, Ireland.

ERIC or Little by Little, by Rev. Farrar wanted. Please write Box 373.

'LORD ON THE BOARD', 'Our Landed Gentry', Spengler — 'Decline of the West', Trotter 'Herd Instinct', Veblen 'Theory of the Leisure Class'. Box 531.

WANTED: Tragedy at Trinket, boys school story by Brian Flynn published Nelson 1939. Box 302.

ENCOUNTER MAGAZINE, July 1955 wanted by J. Bergseng, Overiararev 6B, 22367 Lund, Sweden.

UPWARD: Journey to the Border. Mehta: Face to Face. Miss Booth, 5 Woodvale Gardens, New Milton, Hants.

NS 1970-77 incl: 6 bound, Newsweek 1972-6 (Watergate / Vietnam / Ford), all clean, £12 lot, o.n.o. Chew, 089-682 2232.

WANTED. Standard editions of the complete works of Freud. 22 vols. 01-348 0048.

NEW LEFT REVIEW 2-15, 17-21, 23-27, 29-32, 37 wanted. Offers Box 541.

NEXT BOOKWORM 14 April. Any books or publications wanted can be advertised for 50p a line (ave. 6 words, min. 2 lines, Box No. 50p). Send to: Bookworm, New Statesman, Gt. Turnstile, WC1.

Publications

BROADCASTING: Catalogue of over 1,000 out-of-print books and magazines on all aspects of radio and television now available from Bampton Books, 'Franklyn', Deymans Hill, Tiverton, Devon. Tel. (08842) 56170.

SECONDHAND BOOKS, 103 Hammersmith Rd, Olympia ,W14. Not Mondays. 603 9232

NEW STATESMAN back nos. 1956-'66, almost complete. £35 o.n.o. 01-946 1274.

MORALS AND POLITICS: THE ETHICS OF REVOLUTION

By WILLIAM ASH

Ethics is the most practical branch of philosophy: its immediate concern is with people's actions. Yet most philosophers do little to relate ethics intelligibly to the human situation. In this inquiry into the nature of ethics, William Ash draws on the relevant works of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin to present the theory and practice of Marxist ethics. He offers an explanation of the moral aspect of Marx's dictum: 'The philosophers have only interpreted the world, in various ways; the point, however, is to change it.' The book includes, perhaps for the first time in so considered a form, an assessment of Mao Tsetung's contribution to Marxist moral philosophy, together with the ethical implications of such developments in social practice as the Proletarian Cultural Revolution.

Routledge and Kegan Paul £2.95
Available from the publishers or **BELLMAN BOOKSHOP, 155 Fortess Road, London NW5.**

THE MEDIA REPORTER, Vol. 2 No. 1. The Iron masters of Darlington; new-look Press Council; training for the Mirror; NCTJ and NUJ replies to Royal Commission; understanding media studies; censorship and murder; Sir Tom Hopkinson; story of The Countryman; poems from a reporter's notebook; latest media courses; conferences; books. £1.15 post free UK and Eire from Brennan Publications, 39 Legh Road, Sale, Cheshire.

SEX PISTOLS, The inside story, by Fred & Judy Vermorel, published by W. H. Allen. If unavailable from your bookshop you can order direct from Bondpen (A) Ltd, 26 Hungerford Lane, London WC2N 5PJ. Send 90p (includes postage).

SAPPHO. Lesbian/Feminist magazine 50p inc. post. Basement, 20 Dorset Square, London NW1 6QB.

REVIEW BOOKS and others in fine condition bought. D. Levin, Bookseller, 13 Grape Street, London WC2. 01-240 2376.

SECONDHAND Fiction and Biography, also new books at reduced prices, all at World of Books, 30 Sackville Street, London W1.

LIBRARIES BOUGHT. Hammersmith Books, Barnes High St. London SW13. 01-876 7254

RUSSIA, EASTERN EUROPE WORLD Affairs. Books bought and sold. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middx.

Prizes

THE JAMES TAIT BLACK MEMORIAL BOOK PRIZES

The James Tait Black Memorial Book Prize, which is awarded annually for the best novel or work of that nature published during the previous year, has been awarded for the year 1977 to **John Le Carré** for his book **The Honourable Schoolboy,** on the recommendation of Professor A. D. S. Fowler, Regius Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh.

The same Prize for the best biography or work of that nature published in 1977 has been awarded by the Professor to **George Painter** for his book **Chateaubriand: Vol. 1 The Longed-for Tempests.**

Competitions

ESSAY PRIZE: Prizes of £70 and £35 are offered for an essay on 'Work for Human Needs in a Just Society' (the theme of the 1978 International Humanist Congress). Further details from: British Humanist Association, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London W8 5PG (write enclosing s.a.e.).

ALL-LONDON LITERARY COMPETITION: £750 of prizes for poetry, short stories and plays; open to those living, working or studying in Greater London. Entry forms from: Wandsworth Borough Literary Competition, 265 Lavender Hill, SW11. 223 5673.

ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION ENGLISH LANGUAGE COMPETITION

The English-Speaking Union is holding a Competition designed to encourage improvements in the learning and teaching of English as a foreign language, for which prizes of up to £500 are being awarded.

Further details concerning eligibility, form of submission, closing date etc. can be obtained from:

Mr. H. D. Hicks, MBE, BA, MBIM, Director of Education, The English-Speaking Union, Dartmouth House, 37 Charles Street, London W1X 8AB.

Secretarial

TYPING SERVICE, prompt and personal attention. D. Brown, 5 Grove Road, Lydney, Glos. Tel. Lydney 2817.

GROUP of postgraduates will arrange to have your editing, proof-reading, indexing, typing etc. done expertly. Phone 727 5289.

QUALITY typing, English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts. 452 6617.

IBM TYPEWRITING, DUPLICATING and Xeroxing, also transcribing from Grundig tapes and Philips 86 cassettes, Scotts, 80 Queensway, London W2. 01-727 5828.

Property

NORBURY. Terrace house, complete sep. facilities two flats. Two fridges, stoves and some furniture, fittings etc. Well appointed, nr shops, stn. Vac. possession March £16,500 all in. Small garden. Box 545.

Personal

VISION CORRECTED. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates practitioner, Michael Ronan, 39 Smith Street, London SW3. 935 9847.

MORE PEOPLE WANTED to share large house in beautiful Herefordshire countryside. $8\frac{1}{2}$ acres land. Conviviality, hard work and reliable source of income needed; we're not self-sufficient yet though aiming that way. John Hewson, Whitbourne Hall, Worcester, Knightwick 418.

JO DUNCAN, just completed 200 sq. ft. mural for French Education Ministry, seeks contacts view to further murals, any size, anywhere. Duncan, 1 Bis Passage des Marais Paris 75010 or ring 16/1/206 11 96.

SATURDAY GROUP FOR WRITERS: Your writing & you. 25 Feb. 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Joe, 30A Arundel Sq., N7 8AS. 607 4172.

'SELF IMPROVEMENT through Remedial Handwriting'. Write: 21 Wellington Road, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs OL6 6DP.

YOUR NEW STATESMAN SUBSCRIPTION will cost you £5 less with your National Student Discount Card. You'll also get 15,000 guaranteed discounts on petrol, food, magazines, clothing and lots more. Send £2.50 to NSDS, Department NS, PO Box 190, London WC1E 7HR.

PSYCHOLOGIST/Hypnotherapist P. J. Millin of Harley Street. Develop confidence/overcome tension; etc. Appts. Tel. 01-800 4045.

SELF DEFENCE FOR TODAY'S NEEDS. Private/Group expert tuition. 01-693 9885.

IDENTIFY YOURSELF as what you are — a citizen of the world — WSA can supply: World Passport, World Citizen Identification World Citizen News. Contact: BCM — Passport, London WC1V 6XX.

DID YOU KNOW that over 120,000 Aga Rayburn and other cookers are oil fired with the Don conversion unit and that now you can have your Aga converted to gas? Send for information including name of your local installer to Don Engineering (SW) Ltd., Wellington, Somerset.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS. PSYCHOLOGIST. Formerly of Princes Gate. Now at Richmond. Phone 940 4416.

WHAT IS PRIMAL BLISS? Bodymind Methods, Primal, Bioenergetic, Gestalt, Meditation. Reciport (reciprocal non-professional support) can be integrated. Reciport, 10 Steeles Mews South, NW3. Tel. 01-586 4109 (8-9.30 a.m., 6.30-7 p.m. & weekends).

NATIONWIDE AND WORLDWIDE contacts in occult, witchcraft, secret temples, etc. S.a.e. — 'Eterna', The Golden Wheel, Birkenhead L43 7RL.

ONGOING THERAPY-GROWTH GROUP. Tuesday eves, NW6. 607 4172/794 6062.

ATTRACTIVE MALE, 31, N. England. Own successful business, interested in philosophy, walking, squash & good things of life, sks attractive, intelligent female. Box 547.

ATTRACTIVE, mature woman offers reciprocal happiness, mutual benefit, to personable, available male 55+, middlebrow, solvent. Possible matrimony. Box 574.

INTELLIGENT, sensitive female, 38, sks friendship similar male, Middx. Box 530.

FEMININE, attractive, capable of genuine affection, would appreciate sincere companionship of cultured simpatico, homeloving man. Prof./exec. 50/60. Wide variety ints, classical music, art, travel, countrylife. Cotswolds/Bucks/Berks. Box 527.

FEMALE GRADUATE, 28, attractive, wide interests, seeks tall, mature, intelligent man for friendship/marriage. Box 512.

I'M GLAD I'M FEMALE, looking for congenial male, sixties, left-winger, London, for caring relationship. I appreciate cultural interests and a nice home. Box 486.

LADY, 60. Wishes to meet gentleman, educated (possibly Debrett or old school tie—however, no bilmps!). Owing to a death & children grown up, intensely lonely. Have home, income, car, etc, to share. Liberal minded, intelligent, attractive, artistic, sense of humour, seeks sincere person (m.) for companionship with similar attributes and faults no doubt. Box 334.

AUTHOR seeks attractive graduette, indoor type, central London area. Box 508.

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT, well-bred Scandinavian lady, 32, would like to meet single man of similar background for serious relationship. Box 552.

PRESENTABLE, PROF. M., 45, slim, free, limited means, sks to escort younger f. outings. View friendship/marriage. Box 548.

AMUSING LADY sought by youthful, happily-married musician of 55, Central or SE London preferably. Box 546.

UNSUCCESSFUL WIDOW, fed up with post-student offspring, seeks fun in the fifties with male with aptitude for same. Box 539.

FAIR & FRIENDLY FEMALE, seeks amorous, adventurous, unattached male, early fifties. Box 540.

SCIENTIST, PhD candidate, M, unconventional, interests, travel, music, theatre, seeks non-Thatcherite, broadminded, female, under 35. Box 567.

INTELLIGENT MALE GRAD, 25, attractive, varied ints, sks similar warm-hearted, sincere, friendly female for friendship/romance. Box 580.

N. W LONDON READERS

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR T.V. RENTAL SERVICE?

DRAZIN LTD offer a high standard of service with a wide choice of models.

We have been established in Hampstead since 1927

Telephone 435 7441 or call at our showrooms at

59 HEATH ST, NW3

(opposite Hampstead Tube Station)

N.W. London readers only, please

Our Rescue Programme is never ending . . . our funds are . . . .

If you would like to donate a little to help towards the saving of horses from unnecessary slaughter and cruelty, please contact us at **Folly Foot Farm, Hailsham, Sussex. Hailsham 843443.**

ONE FRIENDSHIP AGENCY stands out from the rest. Find out more by joining Sue Carr, Somerset Villa, Harrogate. Free brochure. Tel. 0423 63525 anytime.

V. ATTRACTIVE GRADUATE F. researcher/writer, 29, divorced, children at school, arts interests, intellectual but home-loving, seeks sincere, sensitive male, 35-50, over 5' 8", for committed relationship. Box 544.

ARTISTIC & HYPERCRITICAL female in early 30s, seeks new victim. Box 566.

ODYSSEUS ALONE IN ITHACA (N1). Writer/lecturer mid-30s, seeks his Penelope. Box 564.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, 40's broken marriage, young appearance and outlook, homeloving, enjoys theatre, opera, ballet, music, travel, good food and simple fun, would like to meet tallish, cultured and personable professional man with middle class background and progressive views who has enthusiasm for life and is not against marriage. His reply would be treated in strictest confidence. Box 597.

MALE, 40, wishes to meet a charming young woman (SE), with a passion for salmon and trout fishing who would like to spend random weekends in Wales doing just that possibly a bit of the udder. Box 570.

TRAPPED in unsatisfactory marriage because of 2 very young children, I seek man 35/45 to provide escape route. My ints: bridge, backgammon, photography, canal holidays, active social life. Box 583.

MARRIED MALE academic, 29, wants to spend occasional afternoons with a gentle female in the Edinburgh area. Box 581.

'WISE MEN NE'ER SIT AND WAIL THEIR Woes . . . ' Nor do wise women; they advertise! This one (over 49) would welcome uninvolved friendship NS reader(s) (male), still alive, carefree sharing varied interests. London. Box 556.

ARE YOU A PROF. MAN, 50+ with a love of music, theatre, arts, good food & fun, not averse to country & walking, seeking warm sensitive, culture/fun-loving companion? Prof. f., div., 50, SE/London area. Box 553.

OPTIMISTIC ARTIST, in fine fettle, mid 50s, appt Paris, house S. France, country lover but app. town's facilities, fed up alone seeks affluent muse, widow or such, 35-45. For something lasting. Box 528.

UNUSUAL PEN FRIENDS excitingly different, highly personal dept. & married couples dept. Monthly journal. Free brochure. S.a.e. (SNX) Bureau des Amies, PO Box 54, Rugby, Warks.

FIND FRIENDSHIP, LOVE or marriage. All ages, areas — free details from: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept NT, 23 Abingdon Road, London W8. Tel. 01-937 6503.

JOAN REMICK MARRIAGE & Friendship Bureau. Interviewers throughout UK. 155 Knightsbridge, London SW1. 01-584 5151.

MEET INTERESTING NEW FRIENDS and marriage partners. Write (s.a.e.) London Correspondence Club, NS, London W8 6EJ.

SUMAN MARRIAGE BUREAU, (First Asian Bureau), 67 South Road, Southall, Middx. Tel. 01-571 5145 or 01-579 2732. Friendship/Marriage.

WHY READ THE 'SMALLS' in this column? Join Nexus! You can get in touch with hundreds of unattached people by simply lifting the 'phone — to help you start communicating you will know a lot more than they can put in an ad — and socially there is everything you could want! Nexus is not an introduction agency or a 'lonely hearts' club. Phone Barbara or Peter 01-359 7656 or 01-359 6703 (incl. Sats).

LOVE & MARRIAGE is a Bureau for single parents and people who enjoy family life. S.a.e. 400 Harrow Road, London W9.

'EVERYBODY NEEDS SOMEBODY sometime'. Status gives you a better chance to meet your kind of people. Contact London's premier Marriage/Friendship Service for unattached professional people. 'Status', 88 Marylebone High St, W1. 286 2128(24 hrs).

THE LONELINESS PROBLEM is worse for better-educated people: there are fewer of us; our standards are higher; contact is more difficult. Send 10p for news of a solution to Taify c/o Mailroom, 32 Newman Street, London W1P 3PE.

UNIQUE SOCIAL CLUB. Make friends with really interesting people. Members include doctors, air hostesses, nurses, etc. Details s.a.e.: N33, Sheringham Avenue, N.14.

JEWISH MARRIAGE AGENCY (Estd 1958), has many attractive, intelligent young ladies, 20-35, seeking introductions for friendship/marriage. M. & F. Agency, 32 North Hill, Highgate, N6. 01-340 5616.

SEX SUPERMARKET THE ADULT CENTRE

(established over 10 years)
for Sex Aids and Appliances, Vibrators, French Ticklers, Exotic Undies etc.

Catalogues 10p + postage, on request.

519 Sheffield Rd, Whittington Moor, Chesterfield. Tel. 451118
International sheath leaflet inc. DUREX brands s.a.e.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW STATESMAN

Vol. 95 No. 2449

Contents

238 **James Fenton:** Facing the Gang of Four
239 **Neal Ascherson:** An Omen for Scotland
240 **Mary Holland:** Ireland's Best Hope
241 **Boris Kidel:** High Noon on the French Left
242 **Robin Cook:** Mr Mulley's Balancing Act
244 **Profile of Eric Varley**
246 **Ian Black:** Village of the Damned
246 **Roger Woddis:** A Sense of Realism
247 **Anne Bennett:** Helping Out
248 **Alexander Cockburn:** A Tale of Two Conspiracies
249 **A. J. P. Taylor:** London Diary
250 **Malcolm Balen:** Jesus and the Kite
251 **Arthur Marshall:** Bang Bang You're Dead
252 **Letters to the Editor**

Books & Arts

254 **James Fenton:** Surrealist Poetry
255 **Michael Mason:** Koestler and Fromm
Other reviews by Derek Mahon, George MacDonald Fraser, Zahir Jamal, Susannah Clapp
Film Books
Reviews by John Coleman, Philip French, Edouard Pygge, Harold Beaver
263 **John Spurling:** Art
264 **Mark Kidel:** Rock Music
264 **Eric Sams:** Opera
265 **Russell Davies:** Television
266 **Benedict Nightingale:** Theatre
266 **Peter Porter:** Radio
267 **John Coleman:** Films
268 **Weekend Competition**
268 **Chess**
269 **Crossword**

Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company) 836 6404. Recorded booking info 836 5332. 'The Comedy of Errors', Congreve's 'The Way of the World', Jonson's 'The Alchemist' in repertoire. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse Donmar Theatre in Barrie Keeffe's 'Frozen Assets', Charles Wood's 'Dingo', Edward Bond's 'The Bundle' (sold out) and at Piccadilly Theatre in Peter Nichols' 'Privates on Parade'.

ALMOST FREE, 9 Rupert St, W1. Bookings 485 6224. 'One Penny for Israel' by Laurence Collinson. Mon.-Thurs. 1.15 p.m. Suns. 2.30 & 4.30 p.m.

HAMPSTEAD. 722 9301. Mon.-Fri. 8. Sats 5 & 8. Tickets £1.25 & £1.75. 'Bodies' by James Saunders with David Burke, Dinsdale Landen, Anne Stallybrass, Gwen Watford.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'The Country Wife', 'The Plough & the Stars', 'The Cherry Orchard', 'Bedroom Farce', 'The Guardsman', 'Four Weeks in the City'. *Workshop: Loveletters on Blue Paper'*. See daily press for dates & times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. 'The Bear' by Chekhov, 'Kreutzer Sonata' by Tolstoy. Evenings 8. Sats 5 & 8.30.

ARTS THEATRE. 836 3334
Worth queuing for from breakfast time Financial Times.
TOM STOPPARD'S DIRTY LINEN
Mon. - Thurs. at 8.30. Fri. & Sat. 7.00. & 9.15.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

75p per line (average 6 words; minimum 2 lines) Box No 50p
Trade in Personal £1.00 Display, centimetre £4.25
Send copy to arrive Monday a.m. or telephone 01-405 8471
NEW STATESMAN, GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON WC1V 7HJ

for **Appointments**
call Zara Shine on 01-405 4911/2/3
for **Entertainments,**
Meetings, Holidays/Travel, Publications, Courses
call Laura Berryman, Robin Cooper or Vicky Hutchings
on 01-242 5484/5/6

THE SHAW ON SUNDAYS 6.00. 'The Irish Hebrew Lesson' by Wolf Mankowitz. 'Memorable', D. Tel. 'Outstanding' Gdn. 100 Euston Rd. 01-388 1394. £1.25.

THEATRE ROYAL, WINDSOR. 95 61107. 28 Feb.-18 March 'The Fatal Weakness' by George Kelly, with Elaine Stritch.

Unicorn Theatre For Children
at The Arts Theatre,
Great Newport St, London WC2.
A Play For Young Children
Unicorn presents 'The Magic Cabbage', a new play for 4-8 year olds
25 Feb. - 19 April.
Sat. & Sun. 2.30 p.m.
Also Tues. - Fri. during Easter hols.
Box office 01-836 3334.

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). Visconti's 'The Innocent' (X). Progs at 2.05, 4.25, 6.45, 9.05.

Exhibitions

GANYMED GALLERY, 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1, 405 9836. Lithographs by Moore, Whiteley, Lowry. 18 x 19C prints by Daumier, Gavarni, Millet. List on request.

EXHIBITION, SITA MEAD PAINTINGS. Jeanne Thé Jewellery. 24 February-9 March. Margaret Fisher Gallery, 2 Lambolle Road. NW3. Monday-Friday 2-6, Saturday 11-1.

Meetings

BUDDHISM IN LONDON. Details: British Buddhist Assoc. 242 5538 (office hrs).

BRITAIN—THE NEXT 25 YEARS. Prof. Peter Hall leads a discussion with socialists/environmentalists based on the remarkable report of the 7-year Plan-Europe 2000 study which he headed. The Grand Committee Room, House of Commons. 1 March 7 p.m.. Details SERA. 01-439 3749.

WORKERS REVOLUTIONARY PARTY Rally, Sunday 26 February, to celebrate 2 historic events: 40th anniversary of founding of the Fourth International and 2nd anniversary of the Trotskyist daily paper 'News Line' Speakers include Vanessa Redgrave, Cliff Slaughter, and Michael Banda, Gerry Healy (WRP), Simon Pirani (YS) with Larry Cavanagh, Terry Beckwith, Jack Stones and Roy Garmston, Chairman Alex Mitchell (News Line) at Wembley Conference Centre, tube Wembley Park. Starts 3 p.m. Tickets £1, youth, unemployed, strikers 50p, from WRP, 21b Old Town, Clapham SW4. 01-622 7029.

WORKERS REVOLUTIONARY PARTY. Historic Film 'From Czar to Lenin', to be shown for first time at News Line Rally on Sun. 26 Feb. at Wembley Conference Centre. A 90 minute documentary film acquired by Vanessa Redgrave Productions, made from original footage of the 1917 Russian Revolution. Commentary by Max Eastman. A unique footage of all leading members of the Bolshevik Party — Lenin, Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kameney, Bukharin. Tickets £1 from WRP, 21b Old Town, Clapham SW4. Tel.: 01-622 7029.

ISRAEL & SOUTH AFRICA — 2 Racist States! Speaker: Peter Hellyer (author of UN report on Israeli/S. African economic ties). Sunday 12 March 2 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Entry free. London Area, British Anti-Zionist Organisation (BAZO), c/o 58 Old Brompton Rd, SW7.

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Sq., London SW1. Tues. 28 Feb. 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. Wed. 1 March 6.30 p.m. Tibetan Buddhism and Theravada Buddhism, two study classes. All welcome. Send s.a.e. for full programme.

THEOSOPHY. Informal Forum on Basic Theosophy. Sun. 26 Feb. 8 p.m. All welcome. S.a.e. free pamphlet, talks programme, booklist. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

GIAN CARLO PAJETTA
Member of the Italian Parliament
Member of the Secretariat and of the Executive Committee
of the Italian Communist Party, will speak on
'THE PRESENT ITALIAN SITUATION'
at a public meeting
on SATURDAY, 25 FEBRUARY, at 5.30 p.m.
at ISLINGTON CENTRAL LIBRARY HALL
2 Fieldway Crescent (corner of Holloway Road) London N5
Org. by PCI, 80A Dean Street, London W1. Tel: 01-437 4138.
The meeting will be conducted in the Italian language.

WESTHILL COLLEGE
SELLY OAK, BIRMINGHAM B29 6LL

IN-SERVICE COURSES
Validated by the University of Birmingham
B.Ed. DEGREE FOR SERVING TEACHERS (Ordinary or Honours) Part-time or Part-time/Full-time.
DIPLOMA IN SPECIAL EDUCATION (Mentally Handicapped) — One Year Full-time.
DIPLOMA IN COMPUTER EDUCATION — One Year Full-time or Two Years Part-time.
DIPLOMA IN COMMUNITY WORK — One Year Full-time or Two Years Part-time.
DIPLOMA IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION — One Year Full-time or Two Years Part-time.
OTHER COURSES in Religious Education are offered by the College's Religious Education In-Service and Resources Centre.

INITIAL TRAINING COURSES
Validated by the University of Birmingham
B.Ed. DEGREE: 3 year (Ordinary) or 4 year (Honours).
CERTIFICATE IN COMMUNITY AND YOUTH WORK: Two Years Full-time. (One year shortened course for suitably qualified candidates). (This also leads to the award of Certificate of Qualification in Social Work — CQSW, in certain circumstances).

OTHER COURSES
WESTHILL CERTIFICATE IN CHURCH EDUCATION/CHURCH MANAGEMENT. One or Two Years Full-time.
Please ring (021-472 7245), call or write to the Registration Secretary.

'ADULT EDUCATION: Urgent Issues'. Spkr: Brian Groombridge, Director Dept Extra Mural Studies, Univ. London. Sat. 25 Feb. 7.30. 22 Mapesbury Rd, Kilburn, NW2. Progressive League.

MAITREYA THE CHRIST IS NOW IN THE WORLD AS TEACHER FOR THE NEW AGE
Talks by Benjamin Creme based on Alice Bailey Teachings and latest released information
FRIENDS' HOUSE, Euston Road, NW1
Tuesdays 28 Feb., 7, 14 & 28 March, Wed. 22 March, 7p.m. Free
MEDITATION/TRANSMISSION OF SPIRITUAL ENERGIES
Inquiries: 01-485 1739

Poetry

ARTS COUNCIL POETRY LIBRARY

105 PICCADILLY, LONDON
W1V 0AU. Tel.: 01-629 9495

Membership is free. Open to the Public. A collection of modern poetry covering the period from 1930 to the present.

Books are available for reference and loan. The Library is situated between Hyde Park Corner and Green Park underground stations. Hours: 10 a.m. to 12.30, 1.30 to 5 p.m. Mon-Fri., Thurs. late night opening until 7 p.m.

Charles Osborne: Literature Director
Jonathan Barker: Poetry Librarian

Courses

BIRKBECK COLLEGE
(University of London)
POLITICS AND LITERATURE

Professor Bernard Crick and Dr Fred Grubb offer postgraduate students and teachers a special short course of ten lectures on Politics and Literature in the 1930s in the Summer term (April-June), fee £20. Friday evenings 6-8 p.m.

For details please apply: Dept of Politics & Sociology, Birkbeck College, 7/15 Gresse St, WIP 1PA.

A CAREER IN DESIGN. A 3-year full-time course to qualify as a designer for advertising or book and magazine publishing begins September 1978. Minimum age 17 plus three 'O' levels. You may be eligible for a major grant. Write Department of Typographic Design, Camberwell School of Art, Peckham Road, London SE5 or telephone 703 0987 ext. 264.

PORTSMOUTH POLYTECHNIC
Department of Historical and Literary Studies

BA (Honours) Literary Studies

English and French Literature in an integrated course: drama, poetry and novels in both literatures; Romanticism, Satire, Classicism; Modernism in England, America and France; Classical Literature in translation; Linguistics; spoken and written French. A 4-year course with the third year spent in France.

Entry requirements:
5 GCE subjects including 2 'A' levels, normally English and French, but exceptions can be considered.

Further information from: Administrative Assistant, Department of Historical & Literary Studies, Portsmouth Polytechnic, Kings Rooms, Bellevue Terrace, Southsea, PO5 3AT.

Courses—Continued on p. 271

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed in England by Eden Fisher (Southend) Ltd. Published by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd., at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. Second class postage paid at New York NY

LICENSED TO UNIONS
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED